JOHN BULL, JULY 17, 1926

Vol. XL. No. 1048.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Postage all over the world, 1d.

PALM OIL AND PLUNDER

by A. G. Gardiner

Does life seem dreary,
Do skies seem grey?
Do you feel weary,
At close of day?

D'you sit contemplating,
In strict solitude,
The idea you're waiting
For decrepitude?

Symptoms may vary
But you feel distressed,
When "Little Mary"
Has ceased to digest.

Sometimes you're raging
(For tempers will rise);
That you are ageing
Do you realise?

Do all your efforts
Lack fire and force

THERE IS A REMEDY

Beecham's

OF COURSE!

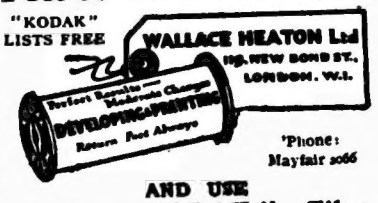
The Completed Puzzle

S	E	E	D		E	T	H	E	R		P	O	M	P
L	I	V	I	D		R	I	D		S	O	B	E	R
I	D	E	A		S	A	T	I	N		R	O	T	E
M	E	R	M	A	I	D		B	A	T	T	E	R	Y
	R		O	N	C	E		L	Y	R	E		E	
C		A	N	T		R	O	E		I	N	K		S
H	A	R	D	E	N		Z		P	O	T	E	N	T
A	S	S			E	V	O	K	E			D	I	E
S	P	O	N	G	E		N		G	I	G	G	L	E
E		N	O	R		S	E	W		T	E	E		D
	C		N	I	G	H		A	D	E	N		C	
T	R	A	P	P	E	R		S	O	M	E	H	O	W
H	A	U	L		M	I	G	H	T		R	O	L	E
A	N	N	U	L		L	E	E		C	A	P	O	N
N	E	T	S		U	L	T	R	A		L	E	N	D

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue. This week's puzzle is on page 7.

FOR BEST SNAPSHOTS
Post us Your Developing

"KODAK" LISTS FREE



'Phone: Mayfair 2066

AND USE
Only "KODAK" Film
The Dependable Film in the Yellow Carton.

FREE
BAD LEGS VARICOSE ULCERS & ECZEMA.
Sufferers should not despair, but should write to us without delay, when
ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT
will be sent to any address, along with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made when other treatments have failed.
SEND NO MONEY.
Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD Ltd.,
Medical Skin Specialists,
BRADFORD, YORKS.

You can have a Baby Car for 2/6 DEPOSIT

Order YOUR Baby Car direct from factory at WHOLESALE price—and save shop profits. You only pay 2/6 till you have used the Car ONE MONTH. 12 New and exquisitely designed models in ART colours, to choose from. Packed Free. Carriage Paid. 10 Days' Free Trial. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Write To-DAY for big illustrated catalogue.

Mead CYCLE CO. Inc. (Dept. P.838) Birmingham

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

56 Cheques of £5-5- for 'John Bull' Readers

Sickness Benefits

We give below a partial list of the 56 registered readers who have received Five-Guinea cheques from "JOHN BULL" this week :—

STOKE MANDEVILLE.—Mr. F. KIDNEY, Council Houses. £5 : 5 : 0
NORWICH.—Mr. R. H. ANDREWS, Stalithe Road, Stalham. £5 : 5 : 0
MARKET HARBOROUGH.—Mrs. F. M. RANDALL, 6, Braybrook Road, Little Bowden. £5 : 5 : 0
WATFORD.—Mrs. VINCENT, 114, St. James' Road. £5 : 5 : 0
KINGSTEIGNTON, Nr. NEWTON ABBOTT.—Mr. T. F. HEWINGS, 4, Fairfield Terrace. £5 : 5 : 0
SCUNTHORPE.—Mrs. G. W. COWLING, 12, Taylor Yard, Keadby. £5 : 5 : 0
ASHINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. E. SHEPHERD, 263, Sycamore Street, Hirst. £5 : 5 : 0
PEGSWOOD, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mr. I. SPROAT, 323, Welbeck Terrace. £5 : 5 : 0
ROTHERHAM.—Mr. H. TAYLOR, 122, Pottery Street, Rawmarsh. £5 : 5 : 0
BELPER, DERBYSHIRE.—Mr. A. HUNT, 80, Sandbed Road. £5 : 5 : 0
SWINTON, Nr. ROTHERHAM, YORKS.—Mr. F. SMITH, 11, White Lee Road. £5 : 5 : 0
SWINTON, YORKS.—Mr. A. WILSON, 2, Duke Street. £5 : 5 : 0
LANGLEY MOOR, DURHAM.—Mrs. M. E. ROBINSON, 219, School Street. £5 : 5 : 0
HETTON-LE-HOLE.—Mrs. E. A. BOWATER, 72, Caroline Street. £5 : 5 : 0
HENGOED, Nr. CARDIFF.—Mr. D. EVANS, Devonia, Hengoed Road. £5 : 5 : 0
IRVINE, AYRSHIRE.—Mrs. R. MONTGOMERY, 159, High Street. £5 : 5 : 0
CHESTER.—Mr. C. DEAN, 22, Churton Road, Boughton. £5 : 5 : 0
CANNOCK, STAFFS.—Mr. T. LOCKETT, 156, Huntington Terrace, Chadsmoor. £5 : 5 : 0

Thanks to "John Bull"

"Thank you for the cheque in respect of my wife's illness. Your scheme is indeed a boon especially to those with a family. I have nine children, none of whom is yet old enough to earn, and I can assure you that there is little left out of my weekly wage to meet doctors' bills. Thanks to 'John Bull' I shall now have no cause to worry." Mr. C. G. Harris, Station House, Manea, Cambs.

LEIGH-ON-SEA.—Mrs. O. DURELL, Chez Nous' 98, Leighton Avenue. £5 : 5 : 0
DUBLIN.—Mr. T. GERMAINE, 94, Harold's Cross. £5 : 5 : 0
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. J. L. SLATER, 127, Robson Street. £5 : 5 : 0
MUSSELBURGH, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. K. NESS, 23, Eskside. £5 : 5 : 0
IPSWICH.—Mr. H. CHAMBERS, 74, Cauldwell Hall Road. £5 : 5 : 0
GREENOCK.—Mrs. S. BELL, 21, Bruce Street. £5 : 5 : 0
BARNSTAPLE, Nth. DEVON.—Mr. F. COCKS, 1, Taylors Court, Bear Street. £5 : 5 : 0
WITNEY, OXON.—Mr. E. MERCHANT, Angel Inn, 42, Market Square. £5 : 5 : 0
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. R. DOWLING, 33, Abbey Street, Hockley. £5 : 5 : 0

WIMBLINGTON, Nr. MARCH, CAMBS.—Mr. H. RANSOME, Honey Farm. £5 : 5 : 0
HANDLEY, Nr. CHESTER, CHESHIRE.—Mr. J. H. EDGE. £5 : 5 : 0
SCUNTHORPE.—Mr. W. P. LARDER, 79, Spencer Avenue, Crosby. £5 : 5 : 0
READING, BERKS.—Mrs. E. D. CHAPMAN, 19, Essex Street. £5 : 5 : 0
SANDBACH, CHESHIRE.—Mr. H. BUTTERS, 5, Fodens Terrace, Middlewich Road. £5 : 5 : 0
NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. HERBERT SMITH, 3, Strover Terrace, Ethel Grove, Kingsmeadow Road. £5 : 5 : 0
LINCOLN.—Miss M. WILLERTON, Middle Rasen, Market Rasen. £5 : 5 : 0
ROCHESTER, KENT.—Mr. C. THAME, 12, Pemberton Square, Frindsbury. £5 : 5 : 0

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

HOLIDAYS!

Important Notice to Registered Readers.

To remain qualified for the benefits offered under "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their Newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull" immediately on their return.

Total Benefits Paid—21,665

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS)
Address .....
Reader's Signature .....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 17/7/26.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address .....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice,
Signature.....
Address .....
Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 17/7/26.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE!
John Bull's Wonderful Gift Offer

SEE WHAT YOU GET—AND SAVE!

The "John Bull" Pen, with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, worth 15/-
2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, with refills, FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6

You send Six Coupons and p.o. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance) ... ...

YOU SAVE 13/6

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Your name Engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

"WORTH 15/-"
Thanks for the excellent Pen. I have tested it and find it far superior to any other I have used. The name engraved in gold is a novelty. I marvel how you produce it for the price—it is honestly worth 15/-. The presentation pencil is of the same excellent quality.
(Signed)
Gunner H. Hewkin, 4th Pack Brigade, R.A., Norwich.

Written 5 Years' Guarantee with every Pen.

Cyclists!

Do not be "put off" with nameless nondescript tyres—usually of foreign manufacture—when there is a British-made

DUNLOP
CYCLE TYRE

for every type of machine and rider.

Dunlop Tyres are "quality" tyres—and are *guaranteed* by the "founders of the pneumatic tyre industry."

Ask your dealer to show you the complete range.

'fit Dunlop and be satisfied'

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LTD., BIRMINGHAM. Branches throughout the World.

C.F.H. 187

DUNLOP — THE STANDARD *by which* ALL TYRES *are* JUDGED

Going! Going! Gone!

Relief from Corns in 15 minutes.

Hot, sultry days are tiring even to healthy feet. If you have corns the pain becomes unendurable. The feet become hot and pain shoots through the corn in agonising stabs. But, why have corns? Why be prevented from enjoying the pleasures summer days can give you? Be rid of your corns quickly, easily, painlessly in the simple Radox way. Radox Bath Salts tackle corns in the only effective way—by getting at the roots. One or two Radox footbaths will so soften your corn that you will be able to remove it root and all. Read this letter:

"11*th June*, 1926.

"*After treating one corn for over ten years with various salts, etc., and other minor corns for 5 or 6 years, I decided to-night, after walking about in agony, to buy a 1/6d. box of your Radox Bath Salts. Believe me, or believe me not, after soaking my feet for 15 minutes in the Radox water, all the pain stopped, and now after 6 hours, during which time I have walked about 4 miles, my feet are as easy and painless I feel I want to start dancing, they feel so fresh. I feel sure after a few soakings the corns will be completely removed.* R. R. W."

Later (June 27th). I have great pleasure in informing you that my feet are now free from corns.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy.

Ask for Radox at your chemists, price 1/6 per ¼-lb. pink packet. 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

WHAT DO YOU LOOK FOR IN A CIGARETTE?

Quality!

—YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND IT IN

Wills's

GOLD FLAKE
CIGARETTES

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

W 237.

CURZON'S GREAT SUMMER SALE

at ENGLAND'S LARGEST MEN'S OUTFITTING STORES

THE BIGGEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED

At 35-37, NEW BRIDGE ST., LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4

These Bargains can also be obtained at our West End Store at 110-111, Strand, W.C.2

This is the last opportunity offered this season of replenishing your needs at about half the usual prices, and customers are, therefore, advised to lose no time in making their selection, so as to avoid disappointment. If you can pay a visit to our Store, the journey will well repay you. If you cannot, a special staff appointed for the purpose will deal with your order as carefully and as efficiently as if you selected the goods in person. There is no risk whatever in sending your order, for in the unlikely event of your not being perfectly pleased, your money will be refunded on receipt of the goods returned.

Please address all post orders to CURZON BROS., Ltd., 35 to 37, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4.

AMAZING BARGAINS in SHIRTS

PRINT SHIRTS

These Shirts are made from good standard quality prints, full size, no skimping, double stitched gusseted, and strongly made in every way. Every Shirt guaranteed fast colour and made with double cuffs and white neck bands, all warranted new goods and in neat patterns, white grounds with blue, black and helio stripes.

Sale Price **2/11**

All sizes from 13½ to 17.

Postage 1 or 2 Shirts, **6d.**; 3 or 4 Shirts, **9d.**

MEN'S SUMMER TAFFETA SHIRTS.

These shirts are made from a fine quality Taffeta Cloth that will give great satisfaction in wear. Every shirt smartly cut, full size and guaranteed absolutely fast colour. These are ideal Spring and Summer Shirts. Many of these shirts have collars to match, and these will be included free. In neat, but smart, fancy stripes of blue, black, helio, gold, etc., on cream grounds. All sizes 13½ to 16½. Every shirt honestly worth 7/6.

Curzon's Bargain Price, each **4/7**

5 Shirts post paid for 23/-. A limited quantity of these Shirts in PLAIN CREAM Shade, sizes 14 to 16½, to be sold at the same price, 4/7. Post 6d.

THE FAMOUS "HEVICORD" SHIRT.

is the exact shirt of which immense quantities are sold all the year round. Most outfitters sell them at 8/11 or 9/11. We guarantee the shirt we are offering at the astounding price of 6/3 to be identical in every respect as to quality, cut, make, fullness, etc. It is a wonderful wearing shirt, as the strength is at the vital points between the cords, thus guaranteed not to split. Colours absolutely guaranteed fast, and they wash and launder again and again, and come up as good as new. White or cream grounds with neat and smart stripes of black, blue, mauve, brown or fancy. Absolutely as good a shirt as the most critical man can wish to have. All sizes 13½ to 17, - each **6/3**

4 Shirts post paid for **25/-**. post **6d.**

OUR FAMOUS FLANNEL FINISH SHIRT.

The All-the-Year-Round Shirt.

This is our standard quality Shirt of which we have sold thousands of dozens. The price is reduced for this Anniversary Sale. Many men like a flannel-finish shirt to wear all the year round, and here is a nice shirt that can be worn every day of the year. Nice medium weight, well cut and finished. Absolutely fast colours. Guaranteed to wash and wear well. Full size and strongly made. White grounds with smart black, blue, helio or fancy stripes. All sizes 13½ to 17. Worth 8/11, but the Sale Price **4/5** each

Postage 1 or 2 Shirts, **6d.**; 4 Shirts post paid for **18/-**.

UNDERWEAR

Astounding Values.

MEN'S BALBRIGGAN SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

Here is an opportunity of buying your summer Underwear at a wonderful bargain price. These are light summer weight garments and just what is wanted for warm summer days. All made in Cream shade, and will wash and wear well.

SALE PRICE:

SHIRTS (short sleeves)	KNICKER DRAWERS	PANTS (to ankle)
1/6	1/6	1/11

Outsizes (40in.) 6d. each extra. Postage and packing 3d. per garment.

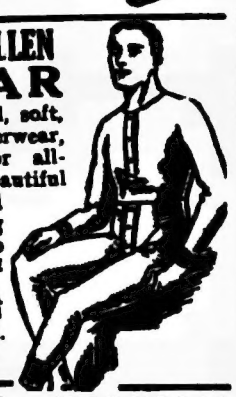
MEN'S WHITE INDIA GAUZE UNDERWEAR.

Cool, soft and silky. Wonderful value.

SHIRTS (short sleeves)	KNICKER DRAWERS	PANTS (to ankle)
2/3	2/7	2/11

Postage and packing 3d. per garment. Outsizes (40 in.) 7d. each extra.

MEN'S NATURAL WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR



A wonderful offer in natural, soft, wool finish, undyed underwear, medium weight, suitable for all-the-year-round wear. Beautiful soft finish and guaranteed unshrinkable. Vests (long or short sleeves) or pants to ankle.

SALE PRICE

Postage and packing 6d. **3/4½**

6 garments 21/-, carriage paid. Outsize (40 inch) 7d. each extra.

TENNIS SHIRTS

Cream Twill Flannel Tennis Shirts. Made with collar attached. Can be worn buttoned or open neck style. Every shirt full cut and strongly made from soft unshrinkable materials. Fitted with outside breast pocket and pearl buttons. Really wonderful value. All sizes, 13½ to 17. Each **4/7**

3 Shirts post paid for 13/9. Postage 6d.

LUVISCA COLLARS.

A large stock of the famous genuine "Luvisca" faced Collars, as illustrated, at unheard-of-price. All sizes in White or assorted Stripes. As generally sold at 10½d. each.

Per dozen, Sale Price, **5/6**

Half-dozen 3/-, post 3d. Postage 6d.

MEN'S PYJAMAS

Absolutely the World's finest value in Wincevette Pyjamas. Made from high grade, sound, reliable material. Equal in value to Pyjamas which are sold elsewhere at 7/11 and 9/11. These Pyjamas are well cut and strongly made, roomy and comfortable in wear, and are not skimped in any way. Colours are guaranteed absolutely fast, as they are not simply printed on, but actually woven into the cloth. The Coats are nicely finished with pearl buttons and breast pocket. In blue, helio and pink in block and fancy stripes on white grounds. All size 34 to 42 chest. Per Suit **5/-**

postage **6d.** extra

Or 2 Suits post paid **10/6.**

TAFFETA PYJAMAS

Summer weight Taffeta Pyjamas. These are ideal garments for those who prefer light-weight summer wear. They are made from fine quality Taffeta which has wonderful wearing qualities. Cream grounds with smart fancy stripes of blue, helio, brown and gold. Guaranteed fast colour. Sizes 36 and 38 chest only in this line.

Regular value 12/6. Sale Price per Suit. **6/6**

Two Suits post paid for **13/6.** Postage **6d.**

DE LUXE PYJAMAS, SILKY FINISH.

Made from the finest quality finely woven mercerised materials, they look like silk but are far more durable. Nice medium all-the-year-round weight, not too light and not too heavy. Smart designs in white grounds with blue, helio and pink block stripes. These Pyjamas are equal in value to those sold elsewhere at a Guinea. They are really high-class good and guaranteed fast colour. All sizes 34 to 42 chest. Sale Price per Suit, **10/6**

postage **6d.** extra.

Two Suits carriage paid, **21/-**.

CURZON'S SUMMER SALE BARGAINS!

TRIPLE PROOF GABARDINE TRENCH COATS 27/6

Proof interlining throughout body and sleeves.

Smart check lining and detachable fleece lining.

This Coat, suitable for all weathers' is indispensable for the present rainy season. Can be worn as an ordinary Overcoat in dry, cold or sunny weather, there being nothing in its appearance to indicate that it is primarily a Raincoat. Made in Fawn and Navy Blue Shades in sizes from 34 to 46 inch chest.

When ordering give chest measurements (taken over vest) and state height and colour preferred.

Sale Price (Postage and packing 1/- extra.) **27/6**

BOYS' & GIRLS' D.B. TRENCH COATS.

Every Coat guaranteed 12 months. Rubber lined. Guaranteed absolutely waterproof. Every seam sewn and covered. No such value has ever been seen before. Would be cheap at a guinea. In navy blue or fawn. Lengths 24 to 42 inches.

Sale Price (Postage and packing 9d.) **10/6**

Lengths 44 and 45 inch 11/6. (Postage and packing 9d.)
When ordering state length and colour and add 9d. for postage.
Two Coats for 21/6, carriage paid. Two Coats (45 inch) for 23/6, carriage paid.

1,800 MEN'S MACS.

Fawn or Navy Blue. Double-breasted style with belt, as illustrated. Full-length coat and lined rubber. Not only shower-proof but storm-proof. Tens of thousands were sold last year at £1 1s. each.

The Sale Price is Two Coats carriage paid for 28/-. **13/6** (Post 9d. extra.)

"WARRANTO" GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS.

"Warranto" is a guaranteed Cloth made specially for us, and is warranted for wear for six months, under our guarantee to replace (free of charge) any trousers not proving satisfactory in ordinary wear within six months of purchase.
Well cut and splendidly finished, with pleat at waist to retain the crease down the front. Hip pocket, straps at side, permanent turn-ups at bottom and loops for belt. Well worth 18/6.
The special price, however, is only **12/11**
(Postage and packing, 7d.)

Give measures round waist and inside leg.

OTHER BARGAINS.

MEN'S SPORTS BELTS.
With patent slide buckles. Sale Price 6½d. Post 3d. Three Belts, post paid, 1/11.

MEN'S CASHMERE SOCKS.
All Wool Cashmere Socks, seamless and fast colour. In black, navy, grey, fawn and putty shades.
Wonderful Bargain. Sale Price 1/- per pair. Post 2d. pair. Six pairs, post paid, for 6/6.

FANCY CASHMERE SOCKS.
An immense assortment of smart Fancy Socks in black, grey, fawn, champagne, putty, coating and other shades, with various fancy contrast designs and colourings. All perfect and regular 1/6 and 2/11 qualities. Sale Price 2/2 pair. Post 2d. pair. Three pairs, post paid, 6/6.

MEN'S WHITE HANDKERCHIEFS.
All hemstitched, full size, and ready for immediate use.
Lot 1: for 2/3. Lot 2: 6 for 3/3
Lot 3: Pure Irish Linen, 6 for 5/-. Postage 3d. extra.

15,000 PAIRS FLANNEL TROUSERS

Made from really good quality English Flannel, every pair specially selected and tested. Nothing cheap about them except the price. Don't think about the price, otherwise you will say the offer is incredible. Smartly cut and well made from a nice medium grey shade flannel, with loops for belt, buckle and strap at side, and permanent turn-up bottoms.
They will be cheap at half-a-guinea or even 12/6. The Sale Price is **5/11**
(Postage and packing 9d.)

All sizes in stock from 28 to 42 inch waist. Two pairs (post paid) 12/6.

When ordering by post, give waist and inside leg measure.

GREAT £1 FREE GIFT OFFER!

For the man who wants the best there is the "SUPERDENE COAT," and every buyer of one can select any sale goods from this advertisement to the value of £1 FREE OF CHARGE. This is to advertise the famous Gabardine Wool Union Raincoat "Superdene" Coat. The ordinary rainproof is made entirely of cotton-proofed material, many of them looking very coarse and common. The "Superdene" Raincoat is made from Wool Union Gabardine with a smart check lining. It is a dressy coat, and any gentleman can wear it with pride. The cloth is proofed by the famous GRAVENETTE process, and bears the label inside. No rubber whatever, yet the coat is thoroughly porous and rainproof. The regular price of this coat is at which price we are selling it at for this sale, but with every coat order you can have **55/-**

£1 Worth of any Sale Goods

in this advertisement as a **FREE GIFT.** Make your own selection of goods. If ordering by post give height and chest measure over waistcoat, state colour required and whether you prefer SINGLE-BREASTED or DOUBLE-BREASTED style. Colours Navy Blue or Fawn. **55/-**
Packing and Postage 1/- extra.

BLUE BLAZERS

Smartly made from a really reliable Vicuna Cloth, with three patch pockets and gilt buttons. Well worth 17/6. In sizes from 32 to 42 in. chest. This coat is not only useful for sports purposes, but can be worn in the house, garden, or on the river, and will be found to be a most economical investment. **10/6**
Postage and packing 9d.

5,000 SPORTS COATS

The offer that beats all records. New season's materials made up into Men's Sports Coats. Made from superior quality Yorkshire Wool Tweeds. This coat is a sensible and serviceable garment for indoor or outdoor ordinary wear, and for Sports and Seaside wear. In various shades of medium and dark grey, fawns, browns and heather mixtures.
All sizes from 32 to 42 inch chest. Would be cheap at a guinea, but the Sale Price is **10/9**
(Postage and packing, 9d.)
Two Coats Post Paid **22/6.**
When ordering by post state your height and chest measure (taken over vest).
Better quality Sports Coats in Pure Wool Tweeds. Superior finish. In shades of Grey, Fawn and Heather.
Sale Price 16/6 (worth 25/-). (Packing and postage 9d. extra.) **16/6**

BLACK VICUNA JACKET AND VEST.

Smartly cut with two buttons and outside breast pocket, and made from a reliable cloth which will give every satisfaction in wear. No Gentlemen's outfit can be considered complete without a black jacket and vest, which, worn with striped trousers, will always be found correct, whether for business, office, Sunday or formal wear. Stocked in sizes from 34 to 42 in. chest. **28/6** (Postage and packing 9d.)
If ordered with our 21/9 silk stripe trousers (postage 6d.) the Jacket and Vest and Trousers will be sent post paid for £2, making a most wonderful suit for the money. When ordering give chest measures taken over vest and state your height.

THE "CITY" PURE SILK STRIPED WORSTED TROUSERS.

These Trousers are made of a good wearing cloth, in beautiful designs in black and white stripes, and dark grey stripes of pure silk. This is really a 21/- line, and an exceptional bargain at the price offered. Stocked in sizes from 30 to 42 inch waist, and in various lengths of leg. Made with hip pocket, back strap and buckle, and permanent turn-ups. Two Pairs 24/- carriage paid (Postage and packing 9d.) Please give measures round waist and length of inside leg. **11/9**

"DURANO" TWEED SUITS

Made to Measure. 2 Years' Guarantee.

"DURANO" Tweeds (Regd.), renowned for durability, resistance, beauty and purity, are woven exclusively for us from long staple yarns of Pure Virgin Wool specially selected for their wear-defying quality.
Though affording the hardest wear, "Durano" is of a medium weight—not heavy and stiff. Guaranteed as are no other tweeds in the world.
Made in various shades of Greys, Browns, Fawns and Heather, and in the new tints of Puce, Plum, Cerulean and many other art shades, in a variety of weaves and designs.
SUIT TO MEASURE **£3:3:0**
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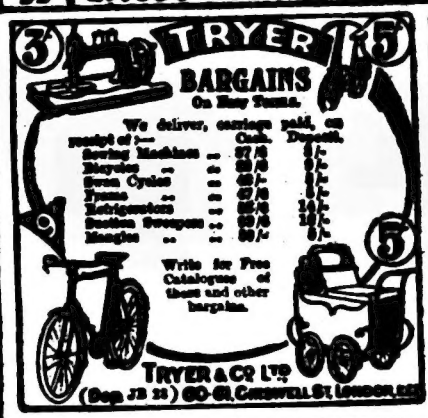

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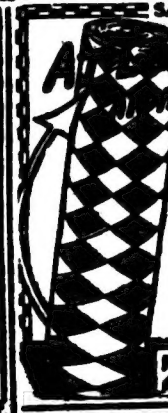

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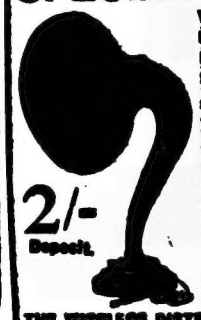

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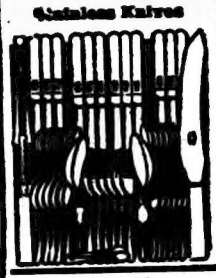

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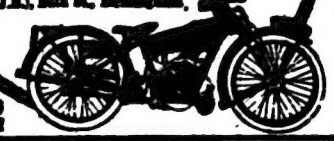

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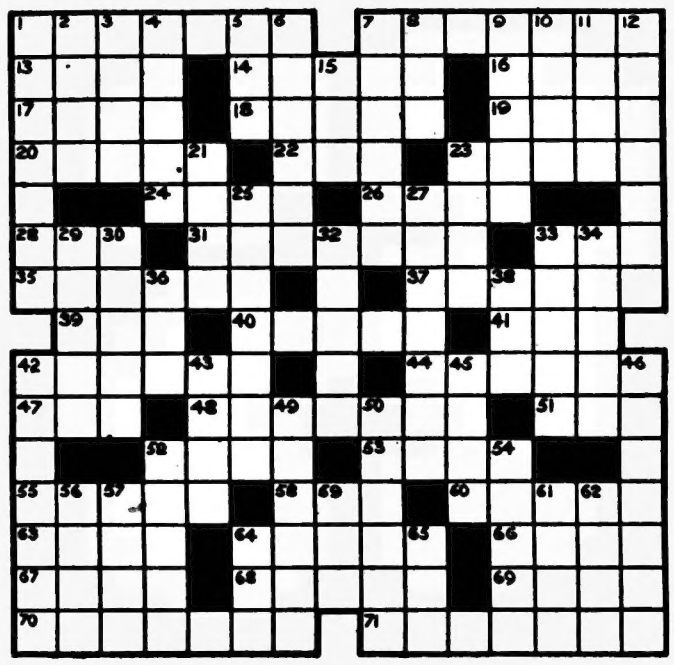
Here's a Good One



CLUES ACROSS

1. Fate.
7. Of the first rank.
13. Always.
14. Nest of a bird of prey.
16. Town famed for rubber.
17. Father.
18. Locality.
19. Line on which a body revolves.
20. To urge.
22. Solution of an alkali.
23. Unfaded.
24. Extinct bird.
26. Uncommon.
28. Sorrowful.
31. Rope used for hauling.
33. Personal pronoun.
35. One under a dozen.
37. That that cures.
39. Two.
40. First letter of Greek alphabet.
41. Cover.
42. Gulle.
44. Ice vehicle.
47. Wrath.
48. A day dream.
51. Elongated fish.
52. To portend.
53. Compass point.
55. Large fleshy fruit.
58. A small mouthful.
60. A topic.
63. Scottish town.
64. Clothes protector.
66. Above.
67. A memorandum.
68. Pictures of rural life.
69. Actual.
70. Vessel for removing silt.
71. Oppression.

CLUES DOWN

1. To scorn.
2. Wicked-ness.
3. Wither.
4. Step.
5. Forty winks.
6. Colour.
7. Roman philosopher.
8. Sheltered side.
9. In reserve.
10. Shade of blue.
11. The rainbow.
12. To dismiss.
15. Flat fish.
21. Excessive adoration.
23. At liberty.
25. Presented.
27. Loss of power of speech.
29. A tree.
30. Perdition.
32. Indian coin.
33. Smooth, passage.
34. Thicket of shrubs.
36. A creek.
38. Beverage.
42. Precious stone.
43. Metal.
45. For fear that.
46. Aged.
49. Venus.
50. An explosion.
52. Filleted.
54. Subject of well-known ballad.
56. Latin name for York.
57. Recent.
59. A vessel.
61. Equal.
62. Stingy.
64. A century.
65. Famous French Marshal.

The solution to last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 2.

BARGAIN SALES.

THERE is no paper like "The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart," for advertising anything and everything you wish to Buy, Sell or Exchange. The most interesting paper published. Hundreds of Bargains in every issue, and instructive articles for everyone with a home and a hobby. Two editions weekly, Thursday and Saturday, price 3d., of all newsagents. Send p.c. for specimen copy (mention this paper) to "The Bazaar," 54 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

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FOR 2/- Deposit You can fit your Wireless with The "Excellaite" Loud-Speaker, unequalled for Tone, Volume and Value for Money.—Read full description on page 6.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

CANARIES, singing, breeding, Norwich, Yorks, Rollers, Crests, Borders. List free. Appro. Cages, all Aviary accessories.—Rudd Bird Spec., Norwich.

GARDENING.

FRUIT NETTING.
PROTECT your Fruit, etc., from Frost and Birds. Netting, strong, small mesh, specially prepared, will not rot. 25 sq. yds. for 2/6. Any length or width supplied, price in proportion. Carr. paid. Cheaper kinds kept, 25 sq. yds. for 1/6. Lists and Samples Free.—GASSON & SONS, Net Works, Rye. Est. 127 years 'Phone: 34.

TENTS.
FOR Gardens, Cricket and Camping Out. Get our Free Lists.—GASSON & SONS, Rye, Sussex. 'Phone: 34.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP.—ILL-HEALTH. Try ENERGOT. YOU LOSE Stomach Troubles, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. GAIN a perfect brain in a perfect body. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6.—Energot, 12, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.1.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Partics. free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES. — To prove the value of "Probyn Nutrient," which is guaranteed to restore health, strength, and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send a TRIAL SUPPLY ABSOLUTELY FREE.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Pirbright Road, Southfields, London.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (387), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by Parker's Remedy, 3/- bot., at Boots, or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James Street, Liverpool. Send 4d. stamps for sample.

BALDNESS CURED.—ATEKA grows New Hair WITHIN EIGHT DAYS, in its natural colour. GUARANTEED GENUINE. Also stops Hair from falling out and cures dandruff. 5/- bottle with full particulars, Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

WALK WITH EASE with a Soxos-Sponge Rubber Foot Easer and enjoy outdoor life. 3/11 pair at Boots, Chemists, Shoe Retailers; or post free from Thornley & Booth, Ltd., Hyde, Cheshire.

THE free book by DR. HAIR will interest all sufferers of Bronchitis, Asthma, etc. Send to-day, using the coupon on page 27.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large, nothing too small. Post or call.—Bensons, 315, Piccadilly, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum, scrap bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SECTO KILLS beetles, bugs, fleas, moths, green-fly, and all other insects. Get it from your Chemist.—"SECTO," The Sure Killer.

SMOKING enjoyable, healthy, economical. Karah Finest Herbal Smoking Mixture and Cigarettes. Also afford instant relief Asthma, Hay Fever. Mixture 4 oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/9, 16 oz. 5/4. Cigarettes, 20 9d. Box-de-Luxe, 50 1/8, 100 3/3. Post free.—Karah Co., Collyweston, Stamford.

HYGIENE IN THE HOME.—Clean your Carpets periodically with CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP. 9d. at Stores. Sample 2d. stamp.—Chivers, 67, Albany Works, Bath.

TIME FOR "REFLECTION."—You must try "Reflection," the new polish for highly polished furniture. Gives lasting results and won't finger-mark. See descriptive advert. on page 6.

INHUMAN HUSBANDS.—T. Bowen Partington on the wives and children who suffer. —See this week's "Health and Strength," 3d. from all newsagents, or 4d. post free from J. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

£6,000 in Prizes! The proprietors of COW AND GATE MILK FOOD are presenting endowment policies of £100 each to the 60 best babies fed on this wonderful baby food. Entry forms and full particulars from Dept. A.11, Cow and Gate House, Guildford, Surrey. Interesting details in advt. on page 29.

The average outdoor man gets deeper and truer satisfaction from **TURF** *because they're smooth!*

3 years' ageing in wood eliminates all bite, all sense of newness: that's why TURF are exactly as you like them—— *they're smooth!*

TURF

The cigarette which is winning more friends every day

20 for 1/-

Made by Carreras Ltd. 138 Years' Reputation for Quality.

Time is Money.
Hopeful signs in the coa
But a vital need is spee
the stoppage lasts it costs

Per Day.
The coal trade itself
week. Railways and shi
Iron, textile and other
The loss to the whole co
£2,000,000 a day.

Now's the Chance.
Let Mr. Baldwin realis
again come to win through
In Parliament, in the bus
labour the tide runs strong
a strong lead there would

One Way.
The country wants va
Commission. A Parliam
easily be rallied to the
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"Living" Wages.
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poor house is 27s. 1½d. a
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Who Cooked the Goose?
Now that the Trades U
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A Mistaken Policy.
Recent Labour attack
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considered policy, which
the Wallsend by-election
as a disinterested friend,

Foolish Invective.
Mr. Baldwin is no i
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and good will. When
declares, "The greatest
classes this generation ha
Minister," he certainly is

Britain's a Brick.
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Hitting the Bull's-eye.
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Week ending Saturday
July 17, 1926, Twopence
Vol. XL. No. 1048.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9870
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

On Other Pages—

The Peer and the Pup, by "Woodbine Willie" *(The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.)* ... **p. 17**

Walton's Tricky Web	p. 12	The Parasite of Park Lane!	p. 15
To Prison for her Child	p. 13	A Dress Affair!	p 15
Book We Won't Read	p. 14	A Rascally Major	p 16

The Haunted Millions, by the Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P. ... p. 20

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Time is Money.

Hopeful signs in the coal crisis are not wanting. But a vital need is speed—speed! Every day the stoppage lasts it costs the nation millions.

Per Day.

The coal trade itself is losing £5,000,000 a week. Railways and shipping are losing traffic. Iron, textile and other industries are maimed. The loss to the whole country is not less than £2,000,000 a day.

Now's the Chance.

Let Mr. Baldwin realise that the moment has again come to win through by a wise, bold stroke. In Parliament, in the business world, and among labour the tide runs strongly for a settlement. To a strong lead there would be an instant rally.

One Way.

The country wants value for the costly Coal Commission. A Parliamentary majority could easily be rallied to the slogan, "The Report, the whole Report, and nothing but the Report."

"Living" Wages.

The average cost of keeping one person in a poor house is 27s. 1½d. a week. The miner with a wife and three children to support gets, when in full work, enough to average 10s. per person. We throw out the fact for reflection.

Who Cooked the Goose?

Now that the Trades Union Congress Council's defence of its action about the general strike has partially got out, it ought to be made available for study by all trade unionists. It is a swinging indictment of the miners' leadership.

A Mistaken Policy.

Recent Labour attacks upon the honesty and good intentions of Mr. Baldwin are part of a considered policy, which will be intensified during the Wallsend by-election. Speaking to Labour as a disinterested friend, our advice is "Drop it."

Foolish Invective.

Mr. Baldwin is no intellectual colossus, but popular opinion rightly credits him with sincerity and good will. When Mr. Vernon Hartshorn declares, "The greatest enemy of the working classes this generation has produced is the Prime Minister," he certainly is not helping Labour.

Britain's a Brick.

Between April and June revenue fell £22,000,000 below the corresponding period last year and still the British pound holds steady at par. Obviously the world believes in our power to end industrial trouble. Let's get to it!

Hitting the Bull's-eye.

When Dean Inge tells us that our fathers had a zest for work which we must recover without their zest for illusion, he says a whole lot. There's a world of truth in the dean's dictum. Wake up!

We Want More.

It is proposed to include a woman in our next delegation to the League of Nations. Why only one? If every nation sent its women to Geneva there'd be some hope of sane decisions being reached.

The Promise.

Mr. Chamberlain "hopes" to make fresh proposals to Parliament to deal with village housing, and next year he "hopes" to make proposals to facilitate slum clearance. Why not a bit of performance this year?

Flouting Parliament.

Mr. Amery states that he relinquished certain financial claims against the Government of Mesopotamia after having obtained the sanction of the Treasury. It is a scandal that Crown debts should be cancelled without the authority of Parliament as a whole.

Some Practise Thrift.

In ten years 770,000,000 savings certificates, valued at £600,000,000 have been sold, and not to rich folk. It's a proof that working folk will save—if and when they get a chance.

Going In and Going Up.

Last month the price of Scotch beef went up 18 per cent., English beef went up 10½ per cent. and Argentine chilled beef advanced from 34 to 61½ per cent. And the present Government got its huge majority on the promise to lower the cost of living!

Congratulations.

The escape of Lady Houston from the Jersey lunacy law points the danger of "little kingdoms." The Channel Islands ought to be counted as counties, subject to the same laws and paying the same taxes as the rest of us.

'JOHN BULL' NET PAID SALES

The Directors, Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,—We have examined the Company's accounts and records relating to the undermentioned issues of John Bull, and certify that the net sales (exclusive of all free copies), after deducting returns received during the week of each issue, were as set out below:—

April	3	....	1,142,884	May	15	Strike	(no issue)
,,	10	....	1,143,498	,,	22	....	1,095,380
,,	17	....	1,138,700	,,	29	....	1,088,443
,,	24	....	1,130,928	June	5	....	1,088,849
May	1	....	1,126,295	,,	12	....	1,092,554
,,	8	Strike	(no issue)	,,	19	....	1,091,328

June 26 . . . 1,093,549

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) FRANKLIN WILD & CO.,
Chartered Accountants.

Orient House, 42-45, New Broad Street, E.C.2.
5th July, 1926.

Punishment for Profiteers.

The short-weight ramp is to stop. The Government Bill makes imperative net weight for staple foods and provides very heavy penalties for transgressors. There must be no delay in its passage into law.

No Delay, Please!

A First Offenders Defence Bill is before the Commons. It makes provision for free legal assistance to all persons accused for the first time of misdemeanours. It is a bit of humane legislation that is very badly needed.

The Brighter Bit.

Agricultural areas all over the world promise a year of satisfying crops. It's one good thing to know that Providence hasn't gone on strike to add to the general gloom.

A Fine Chance.

Twenty thousand tons of material to be worked up in £265,000 worth of line-pipe and casing sums up the thumping contracts placed by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company with British firms. Now we want peace and general willingness in industry to get on with it.

For Instance.

We've advanced aviation, quick-firing guns, improved wireless, and made wonderful machinery. But we're still overcrowded, breathe soot-laden air, and allow slums to grow steadily worse. That's why we say, "Work, and don't crow."

The Decision.

The London County Council has decided to replace its old typewriters by machines of British make. The wonder is such obvious sense needs the solemnity of a "decision." British goods for institutions kept up by British taxpayers should be a matter of course.

Fetters from the Grave.

It is time the law vetoed the right of a man to deprive his widow of a legacy should she remarry. In Scotland she is given an inalienable right to a proportion of the estate, and the sooner we follow so equitable a precedent the better.

Hip, Hip!

The athletic contest between working lads of London and New York resulted in a win for the Cockneys. The value to the nation of boys' clubs is everywhere being proved up to the hilt.

Giving Way.

The Minister of Health has weakly consented to postpone his Clean Milk Bill for two months, while "representations" are considered. We know those representations. They represent nothing but the selfish interests of traders who find dirt cheaper than decency. The postponement of this much-needed measure is a false and feeble move.

JOHN BULL

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Death from the Air.

Low air-flying over towns is becoming a chronic nuisance. The killing of a girl motorist at Bridgewater, simultaneously with complaints from other other places, should awaken the authorities to a growing peril.

Belated Recognition.

Captain A. H. Rostrom, of the *Mauretania*, knighted among the birthday honours, dashed sixty miles to the assistance of the ill-fated *Titanic* in 1912. It is a pity all the recipients of titles had not as much public service as this to their credit.

A Fine Spirit.

The village of Shuttleworth in Lancashire, with a population of only 558, recently held a bazaar in aid of the lifeboat service. The organisers were eight in number, most of them being working girls. The substantial sum of £80 was realised, which means that this generous little inland village has contributed nearly 3s. a head to the lifeboat service—a truly splendid example!

A Grave Question.

No rich man in the borough of Folkestone need fear that, when he dies, he will be contaminated by contact with the poor, the Town Council having now definitely decided that in the local cemetery, for the future, there shall be first, second and third class graves. Such snobbery is very near sacrilege. Class division in death outrages the decencies of life.

Stupid Inhumanity.

In the whole of Kent outside London, in Middlesbrough and North Shields, and several other districts, miners' lamp days, intended to raise funds for the children of the coal strikers, have been banned by the authorities. This biased and partisan attitude is as stupid as it is inhuman. Starvation will settle nothing. All it can do is to sow the dragons' teeth of future strife.

To-morrow's Man.

Experience counts, and as Dr. J. A. Nairn has had twenty-five years as headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School, his opinion is of weight. He finds that the British schoolboy of 1926 differs in no way from the lad of 1901. The boy is the same healthy animal as of yore. So the man of to-morrow will be all right. We shall be a long time going to the dogs.

His Greatest "Save."

Mr. L. Montgomery, of Addlestone, the popular goalkeeper of Woking's Isthmian League football team, made the "save" of his life one day last week. A little boy named Louis Glass fell into the local mill stream. A bystander had already made several attempts at rescue when Mr. Montgomery arrived upon the scene. Without pausing to divest himself of a rag, he dived in and secured the youngster. Well played, sir!

A Humane Measure.

Part 1 of the new Criminal Justice Act is the Bad Boys' Charter. It provides that every police-court in the country shall have its probation officer, so that youngsters who have kicked over the traces may be given a fresh start under wise and firm supervision. Frequently the "bad" in a child is merely a perversion of the good. In the Great War nineteen men who had been juvenile "criminals" won the V.C.

A Considerate Firm.

Messrs. Carreras, Ltd., presided over by a benevolent millionaire, are model employers. They have just installed a humidifying apparatus which automatically controls the atmosphere of their tobacco factory. Winter or summer, rain or shine, windows open or windows shut, empty or full, the temperature never varies. The introduction of this artificial climate-creator will materially benefit the health of the firm's employees, who are among the most contented workers in the land.

Almost Incredible.

Four-and-twenty persons in a three-roomed house, sleeping in the kitchen and in the pantry, and five of them—two grown men, their married sister, a girl of fourteen, and their mother—existing in the same bedroom! What have the Churches to say against such examples of West Hartlepool's overcrowding? Christianity needs to be carried into the council chamber.

Food Horrors.

Dr. Pearce, the Heckmondwike medical officer, instances a case where a confectioner has been caught making tempting fancy cakes in a filthy place. Some, just baked, were placed on a dirty bed a man had shortly before occupied, and on which a cat and dog were rolling. Such conditions make even clean bakeries suspect. Dr. Pearce can prevent injustice being done by increased watchfulness.

Dangerous Delays.

A London reader complains that his father, who moved to Romford over three months ago, cannot obtain medical attention because his health insurance papers have not yet been transferred from his old district in South London. We have received similar complaints from time to time. Such delays are unreasonable in any case, and when a patient is in urgent need of treatment they are deplorable and dangerous.

A Careless Chemist.

At an inquest at Porlock, Somersetshire, on a man who had committed suicide by swallowing spirits of salts, Wilfred Phelps, a local chemist, was sharply reprimanded. Apparently this casual drug-vendor had forgotten all about the fatal transaction, for when first questioned by the police he told a lot less than the truth. Phelps had better take a course of memory-training, or else go in for a less-dangerous business.

The Human Machine

"Oh, those Blues!"

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THE "blues" are very prevalent just now. I don't mean the sort of "blues" that are played on saxophones and trumpets, but the sort that are played on jaded nerves and tired minds.

There is nothing more depressing than an attack of the blues, both for the sufferer and his unfortunate companions.

Everything seems to go wrong, everybody concerned gets irritable, and life hardly seems to be worth living.

The blues are wickedly infectious. Measles is a mild disease by comparison!

Don't confuse the blues with reality. Don't mistake jangled nerves for a discordant world.

Ten to one there's nothing wrong with either the world or your companions. Ten to one there's nothing much wrong with anything or anybody—except yourself.

A real attack of the blues means that your holiday is overdue. Get away into God's fresh air—and don't pack your work in your trunk either!

FORGET it! Forget it all! Give your strained nerves and your over-worked brain and muscles a rest.

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag" by all means—but leave the kit-bag at home!

Blues spell tiredness. Have a holiday. You will be astonished to find how silly you have been when you look at the world and your own work through eyes that have been refreshed by the sea and the sun!

Joining Hands for Peace.

A German general, Count Montgelas, and our own Vice-Admiral Drury Lowe took part in the recent League of Nations Conference at Aberystwyth. Some of the men who know war best are beginning to hate it most.

A Woman Fagin.

Gladys Maud Shaw, of 19, Lilleshall Street, Newport, escaped with a fine of £2 10s. when she and her little stepdaughter were charged in respect of a series of thefts. Evidence showed that the child had obtained various goods by trickery at the instance of the elder prisoner. It is a scandalous thing when a woman Fagin trains her step-child to steal, and we cannot understand why she was not dealt with more severely.

Pickled Poison.

On the premises of John N. Burnett, a Middlesbrough butcher, a sanitary officer stirred up a pickling tub, and the sensation he endured was that of standing over a carboy of ammonia. Altogether he found sixty-five pieces of putrid meat. Such stuff is a real menace if passed on to the public for food. Burnett, though he had to pay £40 and costs, escaped leniently.

Some Pluck.

Frank Hodges, thirteen, one of the lads of the village of Kemsing, Kent, went to Hastings for the day. A big dog went mad and bit two boys. Panic followed, but Frank faced the mad dog and made a pal of it. The dog followed him like a lamb to a police-station, where, after Frank had gone, it caused so much trouble that it had to be killed. For a boy to calm a mad dog when everybody else had lost their heads was a brave, clear-headed act. That boy is a man.

Heroic Ministration.

It is always painful to have to criticise adversely a member of the noble medical profession, and conversely, therefore, it is with real pleasure we chronicle the devotion of Dr. Keogh, of Bedford Hospital. When Kenneth Evans, seventeen, of Hornsey, was injured while pillion-riding, the doctor pinned the patient's tongue to his own lip and sucked the blood from his mouth. For some time afterwards he managed to keep death at bay by breathing into the lad's lungs. This is indeed the leaven that leaveneth the whole.

"A Boon Indeed."

The total benefits paid through JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift have been swelled this week by the payment of no fewer than fifty-six Cheques of Five Guineas each for sickness alone. Doctors' bills must be paid, and it is "a boon indeed," as so many of our readers express it, when the responsibility for payment can be placed on the shoulders of JOHN BULL. It should be remembered that the Sickness Benefit is only *one* of the many practical benefits offered.

British They Were!

We congratulate the captain, officers, crew and passengers of the Henderson liner *Sagaing*, upon their splendid behaviour during the three days' fire which raged in the holds of the ship prior to her arrival at Rangoon. Lieut.-Colonel Money, of Falmouth, and Mr. Parker, of the Soudan Government Railways, pay tribute to the perfect discipline and characteristic *sangfroid* of all concerned. It is easy to fiddle while Rome burns when you are out of reach of the conflagration, but to dance over a roaring fire in the middle of the ocean is a real test of nerve.

The Breed That Tells.

Though the French can teach us little regarding the running of railways, Miss Mabel Wilson, an English girl, who was injured in the Havre-Paris disaster, gave them an object-lesson of which we are proud. As soon as she was freed from the wreckage which pinned her down, and though suffering from concussion and shock, she insisted on searching for other Britishers who might be in need of help. We trust that the loss of the £100 she carried will not embarrass her, since such pluck merits reward.

A Fire Fiend.

Leonard Dix, of Nine W
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South Africa's Example.

At Durban an Indian wh
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"extreme brutality" he w
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have written to point out
how to treat beasts who de
do not mete out trifling
days" as in this country.

Death in the Dust.

At Wirksworth, Derby
local quarries is so dense
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house and its contents bein
a thick coating of limest
call here for Home Offi
industry should not be all
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should be remedied.

Coal Going Begging!

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Juryman and Prisoner To

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The Toy Fagin.

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A Fire Fiend.

Leonard Dix, of Nine Wells, Glos., had a horse that "wouldn't go." Dix was not satisfied with the lash, apparently, but hit upon the fiendish idea of lighting a fire underneath the animal to "coax" it into motion. For this nauseating piece of barbarity he was brought up at Lydney and has now gone to jail for two months. Many people will consider that he has been let down very lightly.

South Africa's Example.

At Durban an Indian who committed a criminal assault upon a little girl of eight was sentenced to imprisonment for life. Because he had used "extreme brutality" he was also given ten strokes of the "cat." Several South African readers have written to point out that their judges know how to treat beasts who defile young children and do not mete out trifling punishments of "sixty days" as in this country.

Death in the Dust.

At Wirksworth, Derbyshire, the dust from local quarries is so dense that inhabitants cannot open doors or windows without the whole of the house and its contents being at once covered with a thick coating of limestone. There's a strong call here for Home Office interference. Even industry should not be allowed to turn itself into a terror by night and a pestilence by day. The condition of affairs at Wirksworth is serious, and should be remedied.

Coal Going Begging!

Information reaches us from a Norfolk reader to the effect that a large heap of coal, abandoned by the military several years ago, is still lying at Catterick Camp. "It seems," he says, "that all records of it have been lost, and owing to it not being shown to be in anybody's charge, and with such red tape, it is likely to remain there until it is not fit to burn through years of exposure to all weathers." The authorities should investigate this extraordinary case of waste without any further delay.

Juryman and Prisoner Too.

While the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey were considering a case, one man argued so obstinately in favour of the defendant that his persistence was remarked upon. When questioned he candidly confessed that he himself was the prisoner, out on bail, who had followed them into the room. In the end, and in his absence, it was found there was no true bill against him, and he was discharged. Nevertheless, it is amazing and disquieting that such an occurrence could take place in Britain's premier Criminal Court.

Prussianism at Huddersfield.

At the Crosland Moor Institution, Huddersfield, a man damaged a bedstead and cell door. Charged before the magistrates the mayor elicited the fact that he had been undressed and his clothes removed as a precaution against his breaking out. We agree with the mayor that such action was likely to contribute to violence, and still more with the magistrate's clerk who remarked that to take off a man's clothing and leave him unclothed is unheard of. There is obviously a case for Home Office investigation. Someone should be brought to book.

The Toy Fagin.

When a Cleethorpes policeman saw a stallholder chase a tiny boy along the sands and after capturing a stick of rock from the wee miscreant let him go, the officer kept watch. Then he discovered another boy of nine who carried a handbag into which he slipped the toys and balls and sweets the toddler managed to snatch when the salesmen weren't looking. Later at the Grimsby Children's Court the Bench decided to hand over the criminals to—their father. He had already well whipped Fagin. It's a sign of present-day grace that so many magistrates do really know the difference between a child's naughtiness and downright, grown-up rascality.

The Better Way.

A Belfast reader writes to ask our opinion of a prospectus issued by a concern called the Chalk Fuel, Power-Gas and Bye-Products Corporation, Ltd., of 4, Gt. St. Thomas Apostle, London, E.C.4. As this is yet another of the long list of doubtful companies operated by the notorious Colonel Octavius Edmund Eaton, the best advice we can give to our readers, and the general public, is to utilise this glowing prospectus as fuel, and shed no tears over its ashes.

Silk Stocking Snowball.

Two similar variations of the hoary old snowball scheme are being operated by London hosiery concerns. The De Luxe Silk Hosiery Company, of 117, Victoria Street, S.W., and Journasilk Hosiery, of 20, Maddox Street, W.1, are offering "presents" of silk stockings to people who sell four 1s. coupons to their friends. The friends in turn have to sell four coupons each, and so on in accordance with approved "snowball" traditions. But will they all get silk stockings?

The Cruelty of "Sport."

Attracted by a pitiful whimpering coming from a railway truck that was labelled "Live Foxes," several travellers were horrified to discover that the animals were confined in a very small crate. They had been consigned from Ross Garver to the M.F.H., Tedworth, and their cramped quarters were covered by many other packets and boxes. From Scotland to be killed in Hants, with no food, no water, and no room for either to be given on the journey! Oh, sport! What cruelty is perpetrated in thy name!

'Ware, Shopkeepers!

From Grays, Essex, comes a query relating to the Invicta Bonus Company, of 19, Robert Street, Northampton. In 1924 complaints were lodged against another concern called the British Mutual Bonus Company, of 10, High Street, St. Neots, which had not at the time fulfilled certain promises to provide presents for customers of retail shopkeepers under a bonus scheme. As a receipt in connection with the new venture is signed by E. H. Nuthall, who was also connected with the previous scheme, shopkeepers should be very cautious.

Shifting the Onus.

While agreeing with the Ministry of Health that the superintendent of the Kingston Nursing Association had been guilty of grave negligence in permitting the same nurses to have access to infected and non-infected patients, we insist that the death of eight women was largely due to the lack of Governmental supervision. An efficient Ministry would have insisted long ago that all such institutions should be under a medical advisory board and subjected to regular official inspection. This attempt to saddle others with the whole of the blame is futile and cowardly.

Intolerance.

According to a notice regarding membership, published in the parish magazine of St. Paul's Church, Kingston Hill, the Mothers' Union draws away the hem of its garment, Pharisee-wise, from divorcees. Any woman, even though she be an entirely innocent party, who has been through the divorce court is excluded from membership. The vicar, the Rev. A. Wellesley-Orr, totally disagrees with the ruling, and "cannot see what the matter has to do with the Mothers' Union." In that he shows more Christianity than the majority of his fellow-parsons, and certainly understands better the mind of its Founder.

£1000! and HOLIDAY PRIZES

There's still time for your "Bullet"—enter to-day!

See p. 39

Problems of Life

The Futility of Argument

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ONE of my most vivid recollections is that of listening to Mr. Gladstone—the Grand Old Man as he was then commonly called—delivering the Romanes Lecture before Oxford University

The late W. E. Gladstone

The great orator drew a comparison between the Oxford and Cambridge traditions, the former supposed to be the more conservative.

He illustrated his point by recalling to our minds the fact that an English monarch once had to send a regiment of cavalry to keep Oxford from resisting certain innovations. Cambridge proving more complaisant, he sent to that University a gift of books to mark his approval.

Oxford lampooned Cambridge by suggesting that His Majesty sent the books because he saw that the thing most needed in the colleges by the Cam was learning.

To which Cambridge promptly replied thus:

"The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories know no argument but force.
A gift of books the King to Cambridge sent,
For Whigs respect no force but argument."

THE defence was clever, but not convincing, and it is one that would not be accepted without challenge in our time. Argument seldom settles anything, either in public or private.

As the late Arthur Clutton Brock said, "When we attack a man's errors by argument, we enlist all his self-love in defence of them."

In personal quarrels argument generally fans the flame of ill-feeling. Discussions which are meant to "clear the air" more frequently poison it.

Having a dispute out is occasionally a wise proceeding, but may as readily be a foolish one.

It may be wise if the contending parties are both honestly desirous of an accommodation, and are ignorant of each other's points of view and need to be informed; but it is a hazardous thing to bring them together if feeling rather than reason is at the bottom of their difference.

THE real cause of a bitter feud between individuals is often the last thing to be stated; it may be hidden out of sight under a cloud of words. It may not only go unconfessed by the angry wranglers, but they may even be unconscious of it or no more than half aware of what it is.

You may think you have cause of offence against your neighbour because he has acted wrongly in this or that, but the root of the mischief may be your pique at some fancied slight or your spleen because you have had to play second fiddle to him somewhere.

Get your own heart right and you will usually be able to view his conduct with kinder eyes.

It is good feeling rather than able argument that ends contention.

WALTON'S TRICKY WEB

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Holroyd Again in the Limelight

UNTIL recently, in an office at 82, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, W.C., was an engaging gentleman named Arthur Walton. He was extremely fascinating to converse with, and possessed a pleasing charm of manner.

He was a director and secretary of a concern called the High Holborn Manufacturing Company, Ltd., which was established just over a year ago for the purpose of dealing in tyres and motor accessories.

In spite of the fact that a great future was predicted for this concern, it does not appear to have been an outstanding success, since, after a brief existence, it is now in liquidation, with heavy liabilities.

From enquiries we have made, it would seem that the activities of the suave Mr. Walton are largely responsible for the company's disappointing failure. Walton's charm of manner served to mask his real character.

Weaving the web

That he was really an unscrupulous spider, intent upon luring unsuspecting flies into his web, is shown by the following story, which tells of the scandalous way in which he treated one of his victims.

A gentleman named Egremont was introduced to Walton by a man who professed to have knowledge of an exceedingly good proposition.

Mr. Egremont had just returned to this country from India, where he had been working for a number of years, and as he was looking about him for a remunerative post, the "good proposition" tempted him.

The ultimate result was that he agreed to put £500 into the High Holborn Manufacturing Company, Ltd., and an agreement was drawn up by Mr. Walton, wherein Mr. Egremont was to become assistant general manager of the company.

He was to receive a salary of £312 a year, payable monthly, and a percentage of the gross earnings.

At the same time the engaging Mr. Walton gave an undertaking to the effect that if Mr. Egremont left the company for any reason within a year he would take up his £500 shares at par.

A slender thread

With this undertaking Mr. Egremont felt that his position was sound. He joined the company at the end of October last year, and at the end of November received his salary of £26 by cheque, signed by Walton and another director.

At the end of the next month he received a cheque for £50, as some profits were included. This was handed to him just a day or so before Christmas, but when he presented it for payment it was dishonoured.

Our reader broached the subject to Mr. Walton immediately, and that gentleman explained that though the company was held up for funds at the moment money was expected from various sources before very long.

Walton then mentioned that he had secured the leasehold of certain premises in Queen's Road and Porchester Road, Bayswater, and hoped to make a very good thing out of the transaction.

Dallying promises

He assured our reader that as soon as the deal went through he would receive the money that was owing.

Much of Mr. Egremont's work was now confined to this Porchester Road

Sir Archibald Bodkin, the Public Prosecutor, who might keep a watchful eye on Holroyd's activities

place, and he had not the slightest doubt that a deal of some description was being contemplated.

But time went on, and in spite of Mr. Walton's promises nothing ever transpired.

An amazing eye-opener

In February this year, Mr. Egremont received a letter from Walton intimating that he had better look about him for some other post, as it was not fair to keep him waiting for his pay.

He also declared that he would take up his shares in the company in accordance with his previous undertaking.

At a subsequent interview Walton explained that the company could not afford the salary and he could not be kept on any longer.

After waiting some time for a settlement, and after being put off again and again, Mr. Egremont decided to approach one of the other directors.

To his utter amazement he was informed that this director had no knowledge of the fact that he was employed by the company, and also learnt the disquieting news that the concern was about to go into liquidation.

In a quandary, Mr. Egremont consulted solicitors, and eventually brought an action against Arthur Walton for the return of his £500.

Although Walton put in a defence of some sort, Mr. Egremont recently obtained judgment by default, and an order to this effect was made in the High Court on June 15 last.

But Mr. Egremont has not got his money, and, from information now in our possession, we are very much afraid that he will never get it.

Although Mr. Walton may still be a man of charm and personality, he cannot be found by Mr. Egremont or his advisers.

As a matter of fact, there are several other people who would be very glad to get on the track of this suave spider. They are flies in the form of other unfortunate victims who have been drawn into Walton's web and led to part with money in much the same way as was Mr. Egremont.

Light on the mystery

While the whereabouts of the missing Mr. Walton are shrouded in mystery, we are able to throw a great deal more light upon the matter. Though we cannot say with any certainty where he is, we are able to let the public into the secret of who he is.

"Arthur Walton" conceals the identity of a scoundrel who for years has been engaged in the happy task of victimising people through the medium of worthless companies which he had contrived to pilot ingloriously on to the rocks.

He is, to be exact, none other than that audacious financier, Albert Arthur Holroyd, whose path of progress is strewn with a thousand victims whom he has duped.

It is not necessary to repeat here the sorry stories of Holroyd's past ventures, which have all been fully exposed in JOHN BULL.

Suffice it to say that they include the "Incorporated Omnium Trust Corporation, U.S.A., Bankers;" "Sitefinders, Ltd.;" "British Properties, Ltd.," and the notorious "Holwin Building Construction Co., Ltd.," which failed with unsecured liabilities amounting to £14,703, no assets at all, and a deficiency of £74,860.

Yet here is a man who has apparently been permitted to pursue his disastrous financial career unchecked. What do the competent authorities think of the matter?

Is the law helpless?

What is their view of the scandalous case of Mr. Egremont, who was fleeced of £500 through Holroyd's wiles. In view of his past, is there no law to stop this class of fraud?

Holroyd, it should be noted, is an undischarged bankrupt in his own name. Has he done nothing wrong in assuming another name and thus imposing upon Mr. Egremont in the manner we have described?

Is he to go on (we have asked this question before) plundering people in this way without let or hindrance?

If he is, and if there is nothing to stop him, the sooner our politicians make legal safeguards against this cruel form of swindling the better it will be for those who lose everything at the hands of such rascals.

A Pest and a Peril

Our Farcical Law

A DEGENERATE rascal named Henry Hitchens, of Guinness Buildings, Bermondsey, is a persistent evil-doer in the practice of defiling young children.

About a year ago Hitchens was charged with behaving in a monstrous and quite indescribable manner before a number of young children, and was found guilty and convicted.

It was not very long before he was arrested again, and the astounding thing is that on this second occasion he was found to be doing exactly the same thing—behaving outrageously before little children. This time he was sent to prison for a term.

He was released from his second term in jail on Saturday, June 26 last, and on Thursday, July 1—five days later—he was once again revelling in his obnoxious behaviour! On the 3rd of this month he was charged, for the third time, with his bestial offence.

Magistrate's resolve

He came before Mr. Waddy, who sent him to prison for three months. Three months for persistently defiling the innocence of little children! Does this form of punishment adequately fit the crime?

In addressing himself to Hitchens, Mr. Waddy made some very severe comments.

"You have been three times convicted of this class of offence," he said, "and if it occurs again you will be committed to the sessions as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, and the judge there has power to order you to be flogged.

"I shall do all I can to protect the children of this neighbourhood by sending you to prison for three months, with hard labour."

We are sorry for Mr. Waddy. It is a scandal that the hands of our magistrates are so tied in cases of this kind.

A persistent danger

As we have so often pointed out, while such offenders plead "Guilty," they cannot be committed to take their trial before a judge and jury, where the former has the power to award varying punishments up to, and including, penal servitude.

"If I were the judge," said Mr. Waddy, dealing with the fact that next time Hitchens would go for trial, "I would flog you."

The extraordinary thing is that a police doctor examined him and certified him as being quite sane.

But in any case it is quite clear he is a persistent danger to little children, and we call upon the Home Secretary to have special observation kept upon Hitchens while he is in jail. Surely, there are abnormal elements in this degenerate's mind?

For the future safety of innocent childhood, it would be desirable to place Hitchens under such restraint that it would be impossible for him ever again to indulge in his vile and degrading malpractices.

TO PRISON FOR HER CHILD

A MOTHER ON THE RACK

Relentless Board of Control

MRS. LEAH ALBUTT, of 3, Pritchard Street, Birmingham, is a mother who has suffered imprisonment for the sake of her seventeen-year-old daughter, and behind this poignant example of devoted mother-love we find yet another tragic story of the relentless Board of Control.

In December, 1924, Mrs. Albutt and her husband agreed to allow their daughter, Violet, to enter a home known as the Seafield House Institution at Liverpool.

They did not wish to be separated from their child, but they felt the change would be beneficial to Violet. They were under the impression that she would have the opportunity of learning some trade that would stand her in good stead in after life.

A surprising suggestion

As the result of an accident at the age of ten, Violet had suffered from an impediment in her speech, and had been shy and backward, but her parents were not unduly perturbed about her mental condition.

In fact, after Violet had been in the Seafield Institution for some time, the matron wrote most encouraging little notes.

In one she declared that Violet was "a very good girl," and that she gave "no trouble whatever," and in another the matron wrote that the girl was "keeping very well and happy."

When twelve months had elapsed, Mr. and Mrs. Albutt were quite surprised that Violet did not come home to see them, and when they approached the authorities they were still more surprised at the suggestion that "it would be better" for Violet to remain at the institution for another year.

They were very troubled, for on the various occasions when they had visited their daughter she had expressed great anxiety to get home.

The marred holiday

After repeated applications, a week's leave was granted and Violet came home to Birmingham in April this year.

Throughout the week's "holiday" Violet's happiness and her parents' pleasure were marred by the ominous shadow of her return to Liverpool. Seven short days and then back to the Seafield Institution for another long spell—perhaps for ever.

Violet cried bitterly whenever the subject of her return was mentioned, and the parents applied in vain for an extension of her leave.

Distracted at the thought of parting, Mr. and Mrs. Albutt decided to hide their daughter and face the consequences.

The result was that they were summoned on May 6, but the summons was adjourned on their giving an undertaking to send Violet back as soon as the general strike was over and travelling conditions satisfactory.

But the pleadings of the distracted girl overcame their scruples and they decided to fight the matter out. The result was that they were brought up on June 4 and fined 20s. each for "unlawfully" secreting their own daughter.

The trend of local feeling is revealed in the fact that the neighbours showed practical sympathy by collecting 25s. and paying Mrs. Albutt's fine.

Having gone so far for the sake of her daughter, Mrs. Albutt was determined to see the matter through. She still refused to disclose the whereabouts of the girl, and was summoned again on June 25, with her husband, each being fined £2 10s.

The father being at work did not appear, but Mrs. Albutt did and, on refusing to pay, went to prison.

The urge of mother-love

One can imagine the feelings of the father on returning from work to find his wife in prison and his children crying.

Kindly neighbours again came to the rescue by collecting money to pay the fines and Mrs. Albutt was released after spending four days behind prison bars.

On the day following her release the father was taken away to the police-station in respect of the £1 fine of June 4, and remained there whilst Mrs. Albutt was forced to pawn a blanket from her bed to pay the fine.

In spite of all these troubles, these harassed parents were just as firmly convinced that their daughter's happiness was worth the sacrifice.

"You can do what you like with me," Mrs. Albutt told the court; "I am only fighting for my daughter."

Sir Frederick Willis, Chairman of the Board of Control

She added that she had taken her stand on the ground of a mother's love and was prepared to suffer any term of imprisonment for the sake of her child.

Fighting a just cause

Whilst the authorities are naturally bound to deplore such flouting of "law and order," we would urge them to make full enquiry into the circumstances of this case before condemning these humble folk, who have shown by their very earnestness that they believe they are fighting for a just cause.

Sizzled by Symons

Poor Man Hard Hit

A PITIFUL letter reaches us from an Irish reader who has been sadly victimised in a business deal with a London firm of produce merchants.

"I am not even a farmer," he writes, "but a poor, broken, disabled ex-soldier who was misled by their very fine advertisement in the local papers. I have not one penny in all the world and I do not know what hand to turn to."

Our sympathy goes out to this poor fellow, but we are not surprised that he has been duped as the firm in question is that of Symons Bros., Ltd., of 251, Roman Road Market, E.3, which has already been criticised in these columns.

A heavy blow

This disabled ex-Service man states that he forwarded goods to the value of £62 10s. to Messrs. Symons Bros., Ltd., who had urged him to send all he could, but asserts that he has never received one penny in return for them.

"If I could only get some of the money," he writes, "I could start [illegible]."

We admire this show of spirit in a man who has clearly been dealt a very hard blow from fate, but we are afraid that his chances of obtaining any satisfaction from Symons Bros., Ltd., are remote indeed.

There are other victims who have been treated in much the same way, some of whom have made determined efforts to obtain redress.

What clients should do

One farmer actually took out a summons against the company and obtained judgment because no defence was put forward. But his efforts were thwarted because the firm's assets were claimed by Mrs. Sadie Symons as a debenture-holder.

As a matter of fact, this very doubtful company has been in liquidation for some time now and its affairs are being investigated by Mr. H. G. Yates, of Yates and Co., 86, Cannon Street, E.C.3.

The best advice we can give our Irish reader is to place his case in the above gentleman's hands and hope for the best.

There are many other dissatisfied clients of this company, and, if they have not already done so, they should also get in touch with Mr. Yates.

Rati-Shastra Rubbish

Dirty Indian Ink

WHAT would appear to be a determined attempt to flood this country with literature of a disgusting character is being made by a native of India named Sarat Chandra Seal, who describes himself as a "high-class ink manufacturer."

He has recently offered his advertisements to various newspapers, and that he is anxious to secure insertion at all costs is shown by the fact that his instructions are accompanied with "permission to change the copy at your discretion to make it attractive and admissible."

It is certain that the announcement as submitted by Sarat Chandra Seal would not be considered "admissible" by any reputable newspaper.

The book's contents

For this enterprising Indian seems to have been using his "high-class" ink for very low purposes. He is offering an "English translation of Rati-Shastra, or Social Science (with the text in Sanscrit and several coloured pictures of both sexes), by Abinash Chandra Ghose, B.A."

The literal equivalent for "Rati-shastra" is "code of sexual dealing," and, according to Sarat Chandra Seal's announcement, this volume consists of "the sayings of our ancient 'Rishis' concerning the injunctions and restrictions to be observed in respect of marital consummation."

A social poison

The dusky ink manufacturer does not disguise his enthusiasm for what he terms "the unique and unparalleled book of the twentieth century."

He declares it to be "very amusing and interesting to every married couple" and "highly admired by both Natives and Europeans."

Sufficient has been said to indicate the undesirable nature of this publication, which Sarat Chandra Seal would place within the reach of any curious youth or maiden for 3s. 6d., and we sincerely trust that his efforts to distribute this poisonous filth will be nipped in the bud.

Advertising managers have been granted "permission" to "change the copy"—they should take full advantage of this and change it beyond all recognition by putting it on the fire.

THE BIG SWINDLE

GROSS INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE FRAUD

Heartrending Facts

WILL the Insurance Commissioner explain why he took no action in this case, as we have before us a letter dated March 3, 1924, in which he acknowledges receipt of a letter of complaint from Mrs. Duckham?

AT Stoke, near Coventry, there resides a poor woman who has been paralysed for eight months. She is the wife of a labourer, whose wage is a meagre one, and owing to prolonged illness this family is in grave financial difficulties.

Theirs is a black, hopeless outlook, thanks to the scandalous conditions of industrial life assurance.

Thirty years ago, Mrs. Hannah Duckham, who is now sixty-two years of age, commenced a series of transactions with industrial assurance companies.

Wisely she looked ahead and realised the desirability of making provision for her future. Her present plight shows how her prudence and foresight have been repaid.

One of the many policies which Mrs. Duckham took out was on the life of her sister, who was at that time an inmate of Stafford Asylum.

A staggering intimation

In the following year she was induced to take out another policy on the life of her brother, who was also in the same institution.

The premiums which she was called upon to pay on each policy amounted to 10d. a week, and in each case these sums were religiously collected by the company's agent for a period of six years.

Then, to her utter consternation, Mrs. Duckham was casually informed by the agent that it was no use her continuing the payments on these documents any longer, as she would not be able to claim any money in the event of the death of the persons assured. If this is not an instance of downright fraud we do not know the meaning of the word.

If this instance alone were the sum total of Mrs. Duckham's sad experience of industrial assurance her plight would be terrible enough; but there are other transactions hardly less scandalous.

In 1910 she took up policies on her own and her husband's life, and later a third in respect of her son.

Payments of £64 were made on these policies until 1923, when they were lapsed, and although she was entitled to free policies amounting to £21 12s. she has never been informed of this.

In other words, neither the company nor its agents have taken any steps whatever to see that this poor woman received anything in return for the large sum of money that she had paid in premiums.

A scandalous offer

In a series of transactions with another company, Mrs. Duckham fared no better. According to a record of these, which is before us as we write, she paid £56 9s. to the company in respect of seven policies.

In addition to this, there are other payments which we have been unable to confirm. But let us content ourselves with the matter before us.

For that £56 9s. the company concerned has graciously issued three free policies, amounting in all to £8 2s. This means that in return for the large sum paid to the company someone may, some day, when the persons assured die, receive the handsome benefit of £8 2s.

The price of a "loan"

Let us examine just one more series of transactions indulged in by this unfortunate woman in her earnest endeavours to provide for her old age.

In respect of nine other policies, taken out from time to time, Mrs. Duckham paid £90 6s. 8d. to a company which nobly came to her aid when she was in financial difficulties. On four of her policies it "advanced" a loan of £7—*on paper*.

Mr. W. E. Mashford, our Industrial Assurance Commissioner

To be precise, the whole amount was put down in the books as "payment of arrears of premium," and Mrs. Duckham never received any money at all in respect of these transactions!

When this "loan" was granted, the four policies were taken away and are still in the possession of the company.

In all, Mrs. Duckham has paid over to assurance companies £210, and has received not one penny in return.

Now, in her stricken old age, when she badly needs the money she so diligently saved to pay these premiums, her only consolation is that some member of her family may one day benefit to the extent of £8 2s.

Last week we referred to Mr. Baldwin's observation that he did not *think* that there was any necessity for further enquiry at the present time into the conditions of industrial life assurance.

Our challenge to M.P.s.

We also challenged any Member of the House of Commons to come to this office and go away with any other conviction save that the whole business was one of the most colossal ramps ever seen in this country.

Now Mr. Baldwin is a busy man, but if he will lend an ear to these plain facts we venture to suggest that he will change his views about the necessity for an enquiry.

What answer can he possibly have in the face of such an indictment of trickery and fraud?

BOOK WE WON'T READ

A WEMBLEY WASHOUT

Where are the Publishers?

BELOW we expose a cruel trick on the public, who were hoodwinked by an appeal to their patriotism. A ramp perpetrated in such circumstances should stir the authorities to make those responsible account for themselves

WHAT has happened to a scheme which originated at Wembley during the days of the famous British Empire Exhibition?

During the exhibition people were canvassed to subscribe for a volume which was to contain the portraits and autobiographies of the various officials whose work had brought the exhibition into being.

Such a publication would, of course, make a special appeal to many, and subscriptions were accordingly made.

Payment for the work, which was to be entitled "Officials of the British Empire Exhibition," was to be made in advance, as although the publication was not ready, it was stated to be nearing completion.

Broken promises

The publishers of the book were a firm which possessed the curious name of "The Famous Series Publishing Company, Limited," the head office of which was situated at 169-170, Fleet Street, E.C.

People who subscribed for a copy of the "Officials of the British Empire Exhibition" were given receipts for their money, and were told that the volumes would be despatched to them at an early date.

One can understand that difficulties in compiling such a publication might quite easily arise, but although over two years have passed since some of this money was paid over to "The Famous Series Publishing Company, Limited," the epochmaking volumes have not up to the present time appeared!

During this period of time all kinds of excuses have been made to anxious subscribers, but all the company's promises have been unfulfilled.

An optimistic venture

As the prices, charged in advance, range from £1 11s. 6d. to £2 12s. 6d., the waiting clients might be excused for being somewhat impatient in the matter, and for suspecting that all is not well with the publishing company.

Now what is "The Famous Series Publishing Company, Limited"? It is a private company formed in October, 1924, with a nominal capital of £100 in 2s. 6d. shares.

Not a financial bulwark is it? Even if this sum of money had all been subscribed for in shares, the promoters were certainly somewhat optimistic in endeavouring to run such an ambitious business on such modest capital.

But we find that they were far more optimistic than that.

As a matter of fact, the only capital put into the company, according to the available returns at Somerset House, is the magnificent sum of 5s., subscribed by two gentlemen who were thus benevolent to the extent of half-a-crown each.

These gentlemen were both directors of the company, and are Mr. P. E. Nyland, of Cavendish Road, Clapham Park, S.W.12 (described as a publisher), and Mr. H. J. Kidman of Gascarth Road, Balham (described as a clerk).

Unheeded threats

What explanation have they to make?

What has happened to the money they have received for goods which are not forthcoming?

It would appear, too, that the anxious and disillusioned subscribers are not the only people who cannot obtain any satisfaction from this very dilatory firm.

A little while ago, for instance, the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, at Somerset House, wrote to "The Famous Series Publishing Company, Limited," to say that certain returns, required by law, were seriously overdue.

He intimated that unless they were forthcoming immediately, proceedings would be launched against the company forthwith, in which case severe fines could be imposed.

Even the Registrar's demands were unavailing, and his communication was returned to him, through the Post Office, marked "Gone away."

An unhelpful suggestion

Nobody seems to know where it has gone to.

But there is one thing we do know—that many people who have parted with money to this concern have complained to the police.

Not that this step has helped them very much, for the police regret that they are unable to take any action—no matter, apparently, how infamous the name of "The Famous Series Publishing Company, Limited," may have become.

In one case, where a man complained to the police some eight months ago, he was informed that, although the authorities were unable themselves to institute proceedings, they would do everything possible for him if he would himself apply for process against the firm in a criminal court.

In other words, they invited him to throw good money after bad, by paying the costs of instituting the necessary proceedings against the company.

Surely this is a great flaw in our legal system?

There is no doubt that many tricky traders escape to-day because disillusioned clients cannot afford to prosecute them, and because, on the other hand, the State refuses to come to the rescue.

THE PARASITE OF PARK LANE

A YANK'S PRANKS IN LONDON

The Florid Brothers Florian

AN illuminating example of how American rampers can come to this country and, through the medium of docile hirelings, impose upon the British public, is illustrated in the career of a person named Montagu Charles Summers.

Mr. Summers has recently been acting as one of the "London directors" of a strange Yankee concern called the "Investment Trust Company of Great Britain and United States," the business of which was to induce people to deal in shares of a doubtful character.

Mr. Summers was not the prime mover in this concern. He was only a hireling. The real sharks, who remained in the background, were a group of American financiers.

Prominent amongst their number is a gentleman named Frederick Florian, who hails from New York City, and who for some time has been living in style in London in the vicinity of Park Lane.

Brothers in arms

Mr. Frederick Florian is, as a matter of fact, one of four brothers, some of whom have been engaged during the last year or so in shady share transactions in England.

Three of them have now returned to their native land, their departure being hastened by the fact that Scotland Yard has collected quite a lot of information about them.

One of Frederick's brothers, for instance, Charles Florian, recently figured in a sensational case before Mr. Fry at Bow Street, when a French manequin, named Jeanne Riex, was charged with failing to register as an alien.

He was charged with aiding and abetting her, she having been living with him in his flat in Park Lane.

Chief Inspector Gillan, of Scotland Yard, said that the woman was an undesirable character.

He also gave evidence to the effect that the man was one of four brothers who had been dealing in doubtful shares in this country for about twelve months, and intimated that he was making enquiries for the Director of Public Prosecutions with a view to placing before the Home Office facts on which to ask for the man's expulsion from these shores.

As the result of this prosecution, Jeanne Riex was asked to leave the country.

Strong recommendation was also made for Florian's deportation.

The dummy dodge

"I cannot," said Mr. Fry, "deport a person on the ground that he is living with a woman to whom he is not married, and who is engaged in selling shares of doubtful value. *There may be much more behind this than I ought to know.*"

So Charles Henry Florian was fined heavily, and, as we have indicated, other members of the family have now left our shores—not through any intervention of the Home Secretary, but of their own free will!

But Frederick Florian has remained, and, as we say, is a leading light behind the "Investment Trust Company of Great Britain and United States," although he has so far managed to remain in the background, and to work through "dummies" of the Summers type.

Now what kind of a man is Summers? His career, as we unfold it, will make interesting reading.

He has, to start with, been thrice bankrupt. In one instance, as a stockbroker, he appears to have failed very dismally. According to his own statement of affairs, his liabilities amounted to £48,850.

But he turned up smiling. All his creditors had to do was to exercise a little patience, and everything would be quite all right in the end.

He consoled them by the reassuring statement that he possessed assets amounting to £48,870—£20 on the right side.

Apart from his experience in high finance, Summers must have had some splendid imaginative powers. For after the weary process of bankruptcy in his case had been completed, it was found that he really owed about £15,000 over and above the figures given in his statement of affairs—his actual liabilities amounting, not to £48,850, but to £63,011!

And the assets?—the assets that were to produce £20 more than he owed? These realised not £48,870, but the interesting sum of £4 17s. 6d.! And of the gigantic sum of money owed by the grandiose Summers, not one penny had been repaid.

The gap between

Since then Mr. Summers has been associated with various concerns of a dubious character. One was the Anglo-American Oilfields, Limited, which was formed for the purpose of making fortunes for shareholders from oil-wells in Turkey.

Latterly this interesting financier—who has just gone bankrupt again!—has figured in the affairs of the curious "Trust" to which we referred at the beginning. He is stated to have now resigned from it.

Chief Inspector Gillan of Scotland Yard, who gave evidence in the Bow Street proceedings against Jeanne Riex.

But he will undoubtedly crop up again somewhere else, and people should keep their eyes very closely upon him and his future activities.

Meantime, on behalf of those who have had dealings with the "Investment Trust Company of Great Britain and United States," the police might make a few enquiries.

In our opinion, it is a grave scandal that American rampers can come to this country and foist impudent schemes upon the public.

And yet, in spite of such glaring swindles, our Government sits on and does nothing.

Perhaps, in its wisdom, it will one day wake up to the gravity of the scandal, and put an end to such monstrous and cruel frauds by introducing a few simple but effective laws.

A DRESS AFFAIR!

PHANTOM FASHIONS AND PROMISES

The public are still being misled by glowing offers. The advertisers seem always to get the best of it

A LITTLE while back a Birmingham lady wrote to say that she had forwarded £2 to the Temple Manufacturing Company of 23, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, for two dresses which had never come to hand.

She stated that delivery had been promised within four days, so, after allowing a reasonable interval to elapse, she had written for the return of her money. As her request had simply been ignored she had turned to us for advice.

We immediately wrote to the firm in question to ask whether it had any explanation to offer in the matter.

No reply was forthcoming, and a "reminder" was treated with the same stony silence.

An expensive postcard

Meanwhile a similar complaint had reached us from a Kettering reader who had forwarded £1 4s. to the Temple Manufacturing Company for a dress which had never come to hand.

All she had received since parting with her money had been a brief postcard with the announcement that there was "an extraordinary shortage of Repp cloth."

It was stated, however, that deliveries were expected any day, and that our reader could "rely upon receiving every attention."

But her reliance was entirely misplaced, for nothing further ever came to hand.

Contemptuous silence

With these two complaints before us we decided that some investigation was called for, particularly as our own letters had been absolutely ignored.

Now what is the exact nature of this firm which treats its correspondents with contempt and conducts its business in such a dilatory manner?

To judge from its catalogue of "modes" it would seem to be a concern set up to benefit the public by supplying them with attractive clothes at remarkably low prices.

The following announcement, "Guaranteed savings of 25 per cent. to 33 per cent. on shop prices," is calculated to attract a large number of people, particularly when backed up with such phrases as "Fashionable cut. Splendid workmanship. Excellent materials."

In fact, the proposition sounds attractive in every way.

"We do not hold stocks of anything!" declares the catalogue. "We have large, airy workrooms; the latest machinery and a staff of expert workpeople.

"When your order arrives, the garment is made then and there, and within forty-eight hours is despatched to you, having been made from brand new material, that has never had a moment's chance to become handled, soiled or faded—as it is impossible to avoid in a shop—and, *made to your own measurements!*"

The "airy workrooms"

So far as our two disappointed readers are concerned the materials have certainly had no chance of being "handled," but it would look as if they had faded—faded away completely!

The delivery in forty-eight hours would appear to be a phantom promise also.

With regard to the "large, airy workrooms," they may be "airy" in more senses than one.

But our investigations have revealed one point which is most illuminating.

The offices of the Temple Manufacturing Company in Fleet Street are very "airy" indeed, there being no evidence of the firm's presence beyond the fact that its name was upon the door.

An ominous move

The actual occupiers are advertising agents, who have no connection whatever with the Temple Manufacturing Company except that they granted it the facility of using their office as an accommodation address.

The name of this dilatory company, however, is to be removed from the door at an early date.

A RASCALLY MAJOR

CONFIDENCE TRICKERY BY POST

Tales he has Told

A NOTORIOUS old scoundrel, who has contrived to live by his wits for more than a quarter of a century, has recently resumed his fraudulent habits with a marked zest and is at present finding pigeons to pluck everywhere.

He is a begging-letter writer of no mean order, who chooses to be known for the moment as "Major Melton Reynolds," being not at all modest in the matter of his military service.

He is writing to all and sundry from various addresses in the Hammersmith and Shepherd's Bush districts, pointing out that he is in temporary difficulties and asking for a little financial assistance.

His letters are cunningly phrased, and all manner of sob stories are introduced to wring pity from sympathetic hearts. Many people readily respond to his whining appeals and send him cash to tide him over his "temporary" difficulties.

The affable stranger

In this way the "Major" is enabled to live in magnificence, dispensing the while with the formidable necessity of working for his living. He is careful not to write from his own residence, but invariably approaches his dupes from accommodation addresses.

The other day Major Reynolds varied his methods and actually approached a victim in person. At a concert recently he introduced himself to one of the officials and stated that he was well known to a mutual friend.

After chatting intimately about this friend, and thus showing that he did know him, the major succeeded in borrowing a sum of money "until the next day."

The next day came, but there was no news of the cash or of the affable stranger.

Since that time the concert official has discovered that Major Reynolds was certainly known to his friend some time ago, but the friend's opinion of him was not a flattering one. He also learnt that the major was quite notorious for working similar confidence tricks.

Military pomp

Although this impudent impostor is known as Major Reynolds at the moment, he has a long string of aliases, which include Todd, Carroll, Webster and Potts.

Sometimes he drops his "rank" and employs a plain Christian name in its place, whilst on other occasions he promotes himself from major to lieut.-colonel.

We are now able to reveal the fact that this mendacious old humbug, who is well known to the police, was born of wealthy parents and, with plenty of money at his disposal, spent his youth in idle luxury.

He was then put to the Army for a career and was gazetted an officer in the regular forces.

All the glory he got out of this vanished completely when he was eventually "retired" with ignominy after being implicated in charges of misappropriating regimental funds.

He first fell into the hands of the police in 1901, when he was convicted of stealing a bicycle.

Four years later he was sent to prison for eighteen months for endeavouring to obtain money by false pretences. In the meantime he had been fined for assaulting his wife.

Todd or Potts

Since then, among other criminal charges against him, he has been sentenced to three years' penal servitude, which, luckily for him, was reduced to twelve months' imprisonment on appeal.

Altogether an interesting career!

And whether this persistent gentleman passes as "Major" Potts or "Lieut.-Colonel" Todd, whether he calls himself "Major" Reynolds or sails under one of his other names, the public should be on its guard.

The best course for those who are favoured with his cadging appeals is to direct the mendacious major to the nearest police-station, where he should get little financial assistance, but much helpful advice.

May be that after this exposure he will desist from his rascality for a time. But he will certainly renew his activities once more as soon as the storm has blown over, and the public should be on their guard.

A STRANGE HOSPITAL

SENTIMENTAL SOB-STUFF

A Hint to the Charitable

SITUATED in the parish of Doddington, Kent, is an institution known as the Lady Margaret Hospital.

This hospital depends for its upkeep upon public donations, and all sorts of pathetic appeals are broadcast accordingly.

On one occasion a printed slip was issued in which, "with very grateful hearts, the council of the Lady Margaret Hospital" recorded the generosity of one of the subscribers.

This lady, it was stated, had been a kindly friend to the hospital ever since its foundation in 1903, and "although her means only allowed her to send a small annual subscription, her gift was always accompanied by a few helpful words of encouragement and cheer."

Sanctimonious sentiment

The leaflet went on to record the sad fact that this generous subscriber had now passed on to another world, "where the gold of earthly commerce is not current coin, but where sympathy, shown on earth to the suffering, and self-sacrifice will be found as banked treasures to be drawn upon in the hereafter."

All this heavy sentiment was enclosed in a heavy border; but the council was not exactly showing reverence to the old subscriber, as the border was bright red!

Red, to catch the eye? Probably. And probably to express jubilation at the fact that the lady in question had left the hospital a legacy amounting to £30.

Others were urged to follow this benefactor's example, and the back of the leaflet bore a suggested wording for a codicil, to be added to one's will.

Now what is the truth regarding this institution which advertises in such a curious manner?

A clever ruse

It is under the care of a gentleman named Dr. Josiah Oldfield.

His various letters to the Press, in which he purports to give free advice to the suffering public, bring him in touch with many charitable people, who might be led to imagine that he has made it his life's work to relieve suffering.

These letters, like the curious appeal to which we have referred above, are really carefully disguised advertisements. It is, of course, a breach of medical etiquette for a doctor to resort to advertising.

But this is not the only point in connection with the Lady Margaret Hospital that is open to comment.

In the first place, the "hospital" consists of a couple of country cottages, a converted barn, and a few sheds, situated in a remote part, and also many miles from a railway station.

Its equipment is scanty, and its accommodation is not at all as might be supposed.

The truth is that guests taken to the "hospital" have to pay for the treatment they receive.

There can be no doubt that much of the money raked in as the result of his discreet appeals goes towards the upkeep of Dr. Oldfield.

Apart from appealing to the general public and charging his patients during residence, Dr. Oldfield has been known to approach old patients for support!

And in this connection also his appeal has been very cunningly guarded, having taken the form of suggesting that ex-patients might like to plant a tree in the grounds.

The mothers' honour

Mothers have been especially singled out for this "honour," for, as Josiah so touchingly put it, "What more delightful remembrance of the birth of a child than the planting of a fruit tree?"

No doubt this sentimental suggestion will find favour with a great many people, with the result that Josiah will eventually be provided with a fine fruit orchard free of all charge.

While other papers so obligingly print Dr. Oldfield's philanthropic letters, we content ourselves by advising the charitably disposed to take a look at this so-called hospital before sending the doctor the money he is so persistently asking for.

"Pommy's" Pathetic Appeal

EMIGRANT'S TRAGIC EXPERIENCE

A Perilous Adventure

"I AM down and out at last. This is a hellish country. If it is your last pound, for God's sake send it," was the appeal sent home to his father by Tom Henderson, a young emigrant in Australia.

He went out to the land of "golden opportunity" under a Government assisted passage scheme, and was sent to a farm 280 miles up country. There he had the privilege of working from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m. for a seven-day week at a wage of £1.

Out of this he had to disburse 10s. weekly to repay the Government loan of £11 advanced for his passage money to Australia.

Daily he came home after dark, had his tea and crept to "bed." This was no clean little English bed, but consisted solely of a number of old sacks in a barn.

As he could not earn enough to buy new clothes, he went to Melbourne to look for another job.

Workless and starving

There the cheapest possible place where he could find a shelter was the Salvation Army hostel. His endeavour to obtain work in Melbourne was futile, for scores of English emigrants were there workless.

With the help of a friend he was able to go to the mining district of Newcastle. Here things were just as bad as in the cities, even old hands being able to obtain only temporary employment from time to time.

He tried to get work on a farm, but failed, in spite of the glowing statements in emigration pamphlets about openings for settlers in this work.

On the fruit and poultry farms he could not even get a job in return for his food, the owners declaring that the orchards were not paying as the drought had killed the fruit.

Terrible isolation

Many British emigrants simply cannot endure the appalling isolation of the Bush, and they are compelled to return to the towns.

Hence it comes about that they drift down to the wharves and quays and vainly try to stow away or work their passage back to England.

When an emigrant gets to Australia he quickly discovers that the young Australian has no desire or intention to work on the land, and it is for this reason that the country is being flooded with emigrants to provide the farmers with labour.

The fact that an attempt is being made by the Australian Government to reorganise conditions for emigrants indicates that emigration is proceeding faster than development, and we cannot too strongly urge the intending emigrant to consider the situation keenly before he embarks on such a perilous adventure.

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by "WC

DAVID said in his liars, and, if he he might have s is natural for m for men to lust, to quarr and seek to dominate the

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But the biggest factor the lecture nor the lic Fashion is the most sub force in the world. It fix of men's trousers and skirts, but their virtues ar beneath their stockings to

Fashionable falsehood

Virtues go out of fash whiskers; vices come in parasols.

When the force of fash we wear, it is comparati reaches what we are it devil, and as difficult to s

The most dangerous fas of view, is the fashion of to live together at all de commonness of honesty becomes uncommon the social life is at an end, ar but anarchy and war.

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"Aristocratic" Bunkum

"Aristocratic Pekingese, points: has regal walk but advertisement of a sixty-guin We should like to take the a prefers and run him, or her, for a glimpse of the starvin

That is excellent prop decent man's blood boil. hit somebody. It stirs a in me and makes me see meant to do. It ought t not a degenerate angry.

But will that anger Will it do anything to se

LIES and half-truths are the fashion, and the people suffer thereby. Were the falsehood-mongers liable to punishment, our prisons would be full. A nation without truth as its foundation will surely totter to decay

The Peer and the Pup

by "WOODBINE WILLIE" (*the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.*)

DAVID said in his haste that all men were liars, and, if he had waited a little bit, he might have said it at his leisure. It is natural for men to lie, as it is natural for men to lust, to quarrel, to grab, to show off, and seek to dominate their fellows.

Truth, like all other virtues, is an educated virtue, and depends for its very existence upon education. Children must be taught to tell the truth, and, if not taught, they do not tell it.

Every father and mother, and every teacher in the world knows that the father who has never given his son a lecture or a licking for telling lies is either a bad father or a blind one.

But the biggest factor in education is neither the lecture nor the licking, but the fashion. Fashion is the most subtle and powerful social force in the world. It fixes not merely the width of men's trousers and the length of women's skirts, but their virtues and vices as well. It gets beneath their stockings to their souls.

Fashionable falsehood

Virtues go out of fashion like crinolines and whiskers; vices come in like plus-fours and jazz parasols.

When the force of fashion is confined to what we wear, it is comparatively harmless; when it reaches what we are it is as dangerous as the devil, and as difficult to shame.

The most dangerous fashion, from a social point of view, is the fashion of telling lies. Our power to live together at all depends entirely upon the commonness of honesty. If common honesty becomes uncommon the possibility of any real social life is at an end, and there is nothing for it but anarchy and war.

There is no doubt that this is one of the dangers of to-day. It is fashionable to lie. And, unfortunately, whatever doubt there may be about the reality of man's progress in the other arts, there is no doubt about his progress in the art of subtle lying.

We have become masters of propaganda, and propaganda largely consists of those half-truths which are the most insidious form of lies. We have gotten into our heads that if everybody lies we can attain to truth by cancelling them out one against another.

Of all wild falsehoods this is the wildest. Two lies do not make one truth any more than two wrongs make one right.

The red light

We cannot attain to truth by balancing one wilful and deliberate exaggeration and perversion against another; we can only come that way to despair of truth, to the death of credit, and the fungus-growth of mutual suspicion and mistrust.

Here is a specimen of the art of propaganda, taken from JOHN BULL of July 3:

"Aristocratic" Bunkum!

"Aristocratic Pekingese, beautiful dark red, black points: has regal walk but prefers car," runs a recent advertisement of a sixty-guinea dog for sale in the *Times*. We should like to take the advertiser in the car the pup prefers and run him, or her, round the Black Country for a glimpse of the starving miners' kiddies.

That is excellent propaganda. It makes any decent man's blood boil. When I read it I want to hit somebody. It stirs all the primitive passions in me and makes me see red. That is what it is meant to do. It ought to make any one who is not a degenerate angry.

But will that anger feed a starving miner? Will it do anything to settle the dispute or solve the bitter problem of the mines. On the contrary, it will make me less capable of thinking straight or acting wisely. It drags a stinking red herring bang across the track, and it is all the worse because it stinks so badly.

It makes one feel that the main thing to be done is to exterminate the silly fools who live the kind of life this wretched advertisement reveals, to exterminate them by force or legislation, and that this is the way to solve the coal problem, and to abolish poverty.

The reverse side

That is a lie, and a deadly lie. It is a lie which is actually starving miners, and perpetuating poverty.

Here is the other side to the lie:

"Lord Hunsdon, presiding at the annual meeting of the City of London Conservative Association, referring to the granting of poor relief to miners' families, said, 'While the miners are our enemies we should not feed them. We did not feed the Germans, and I do not for the life of me see why we should feed the miners.'"

I do not know from Adam who Lord Hunsdon is, and I care less. I would be glad to meet him merely for the pleasure of telling him that to say that the miners are our enemies is a lie, and that if he persists in saying it he is a liar.

In no sense, either legal or moral, are the miners our enemies, and to suggest that they are is seditious libel as evil in its purpose and results as that for which Red fools are sent to prison. There is no civil war in this country, however much bad citizens like this wretched peer proclaim it.

The world would certainly be better for the extermination both of him and the hero or heroine of the Pekingese motor-ride, but their extermination would not solve the problem of poverty or of the mines.

Leave fools to their folly

They are instances of irritating, but negligible, factors in the main issue. There are not a sufficient number of fools like this peer or this Pekingese puppy to make either of them worth taking into account.

The false suggestion which underlies both these specimens of propaganda is that the solution of our social problems is to be found in a war fought to a finish between enemies.

Anyone who suggests that is a liar and is a bad citizen. It does not matter a twopenny tap which "side" he belongs to, it makes no difference whether he is a peer or a plumber, he is a bad citizen, and on him lies the main responsibility for the misery of the people.

Lies and counter-lies do not cancel out to truth; they combine into blacker and blacker falsehood, and blind our eyes completely to the way that leads to peace and prosperity.

Let's all stop telling lies, and running off after red herrings, however red they be. Let's get down to tin tacks and be governed by facts instead of fashions. There is not enough wasted on Pekingese pups to add to or take a farthing from the cost of coal.

No one is such a silly ass as to stop the miners' poor relief. Leave such fools to their folly. Send your bit along to the miners, and work for peace and commonsense. The sands are running out and we have no time to waste.

Telling lies is waste of time. They make heat but no light, and it is light we want. Propaganda can neither fill bellies nor save souls; it can only give us bad attacks of windy spasms.

There is a deadly fallacy underlying it, the belief that falsehood pays. It does not and never can do. It may win you a temporary advantage, but it will do you in the end.

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.
("Woodbine Willie")

To poison the wells of truth is to butcher all the geese that lay our golden eggs, and turn them into rotten meat. The only propaganda for an honest cause is truth, squarely and honestly stated.

The platform orator and propagandist writer are constantly tempted to tell more or less than the truth. Truth is often complex, and audiences want something simple and straightforward. They are tempted to give an easy version of a very difficult question and sacrifice truth on the altar of simplicity.

Whenever an orator does that he injures his cause and betrays the people. Truth often requires thought and trouble before it can be appreciated. Men and women do not want the trouble of thinking; they want their minds made up for them, not help to make up their own minds.

Truth is often dull and dreary, falsehood may be thrilling, and he is tempted to sacrifice truth to thrills. He must not only tell the truth, but keep people awake to listen to it or induce them to pay money to read it.

That is the desperate difficulty with which he is faced, and pitfalls await him at every turn. Every time he falls into one of them he may win a round of applause or an increased circulation, but he betrays the people.

The drag on the wheel

He needs constantly to remember that the lives of men and women, the fate of children, depend upon his sticking to the truth, and that every lie he tells puts back the cause for which he pleads and injures those whom he is out to help.

Of course, it is no use talking to the wilful liars, and there are some of them about, but it is the liar who lies in a good cause as he believes that is the danger. To lie in a good cause is always the very worst way of serving it, and the better the cause the worse, and not the better, is the lie.

All good causes should watch with an eagle eye the pleas that are put out on their behalf and score out the telling lie or the man who tells it without mercy and without remorse.

There never was a better cause in which to work or strive than the cause of those who win our coal. They need no liars, they can stand upon the truth. Let us have it at all costs, however dull, complex, and bitter it appears to be. It is the only thing that will get us coal and feed the collier's child.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—It is not surprising that the recent birthday honours list should have involved you in a good deal of criticism. In showering titles upon men whose only merit is that they have been faithful hacks of your own political Party, you have stooped to imitate the worst methods of your predecessors. Surely there is no excuse for this sort of trite behaviour when on every hand exist real benefactors to humanity whose honouring would enhance the nobility of the very orders bestowed on them?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,
Minister of Health.

SIR,—If necessary you had better call in the help of Scotland Yard to find out who is stealing the housing subsidy. Although there has been no recent advance in the cost of building materials, and no increase in wages, the cost of new houses is continually mounting. Someone is picking the taxpayer's pocket. It is a public scandal.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. BISHOP GORE, D.D.,
Margaret Street, W.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—The speech on modern social conditions which you gave to the Anglo-Catholic Congress was the right stuff. "You are not to bring your politics into religion," you told them, "but you are to bring your religion into politics." If adherents of the Churches would only live up to this principle, we should soon banish want and hunger from the land.

JOHN BULL.

To Lady ASKWITH,
Cadogan Gardens, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—I cannot congratulate you upon your action in resigning from your position as hostess to the League of Nations Union, because Count Bernstoff spoke at one of its meetings. If humanity is saved from the horrors of war it will only be by all nations resolutely turning their backs upon everything that happened in the war and setting their faces resolutely towards the future. The League of Nations is a bigger thing than the remembrance of past hatreds. It is a great pity you forgot this.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir ROBERT NEWMAN, M.P.,
St. Stephen's Club, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—Your questions to the Home Secretary on the subject of capital punishment are well timed. That after fifteen years of freedom from female executions we have had two women executed within three years undoubtedly marks a lack of appreciation of public sentiment. There is a broader aspect however. I am entirely opposed to capital punishment as such. Judicial murder is still—murder. To hang a murderer does nothing but satiate vengeance. It rights no wrongs nor does it deter from crime.

JOHN BULL.

To General BOOTH,
The Salvation Army.

DEAR SIR,—The sixty-first milestone of your organisation has been passed. From simple outdoor meetings on Mile End Waste, bearing opposition, persecution and ridicule equally with undaunted face, it has grown to a body with tentacles reaching out into all quarters of the globe. Because you help the poorest, and lend a helping hand to any who are down-under, I wish you continued success. Yours is a practical, cheerful religion.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. G. STANLEY RUSSELL, M.A.,
The Chase, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I am in hearty agreement with your opinion that "God save us from another war" is a useless prayer while we pin our faith to war and bring its glamour before the young. There is no glamour in war. It is ruthless ruin, filth, disease and misery. The older generation in hiding this stark fact from the coming one stamps itself with the brand of hypocrisy and dishonesty.

JOHN BULL.

THE ENDURANCE TEST

The Man with a Load of Mischief

To Mrs. EVANS,
Mannerch.

DEAR MADAM,—Because "this is an age when boys polish their finger-nails and girls use the powder-puff" you enquire "What is the use of asking them to go back to the land?" Your reasoning is superficial. People cannot go back to land they haven't got. It's a question of first catch your hare; then cook it.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. D. SMITH,
Chief Constable, Glasgow.

DEAR SIR,—With remarkable courage and directness you have addressed yourself to the pitiful problem of the "women of the streets." You hate to see these unfortunates fined, and you would bring "a great human love and sympathy" to their reclamation. Your drastic proposal to make it a punishable offence for a man to be found in a house of ill-fame should make men think. A woman does not fall unless she has a partner in her sin.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. L. NEVILLE,
Secretary, Anglo-Catholic Congress.

DEAR SIR,—I rejoice to see that your branch of the Church is about to take an active and militant interest in the great social questions of housing and unemployment. As you rightly observe, the time when the Church can sit still and watch these problems grow into greater confusion has gone by. The best way to the souls of the people is *via* their bodies, and if Christ indeed came to London I am sure He would place Himself at your head.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GEORGE LAZENBY,
School Road, East Molesey.

DEAR GEORGE,—To dive, fully clothed, into 10 ft. of water to the rescue of two little boys was a mere matter of course with you. Then you learned that there was still another child in the river, whom a woman begged you to save "for the mother's sake." Again you plunged in to discover the lad under the weeds, and it needed artificial respiration to bring him round. You are an unemployed chauffeur, they tell me. If there are any admirers of cool courage round your way you shouldn't be out of work long.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. W. L. HICHENS:—"Industries can only be successful if they reform themselves."

That's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in a nutshell."

* * *

PREBENDARY GOUGH:—"We English have a unique capacity for admiring ability in other people."

That's not a bad thing if alongside we get half a chance to exhibit our own.

* * *

MR. GEORGE TERRELL, M.P.:—"There has been too much 'sob-stuff' legislation."

There has been too much legislation likely to lead to sob stuff.

* * *

DR. JONES (Belfast Academy):—"Bad boys often turn out well."

The great majority of boys would turn out well, given an even chance.

* * *

MR. W. B. LUKE:—"You cannot be considered properly married until you have your own 'sticks' and sleep in your own bed."

By that rule there are a tragic number of citizens not "properly married."

Without Fear or Favour —*by The Editor*

SCRAP THE LOT!

The New Crusaders

THE gift of prophecy, in the e days, is not the prerogative of the Church. It has shifted its venue. In place of the preacher, we have, all over the country, scores of medical officers of health striving to arouse us to righteousness.

They are conducting a veritable crusade. The devil they are trying to exorcise lurks in the slums. Its evil progeny is filth and disease, bred in the fetid, rotting hovels that are all that thousands of our fellow human beings are able to call "home."

The latest to join the ranks is Dr. J. Aspinall Marsden, acting officer for Bethnal Green. His report for 1925 makes terrible reading.

"The indelible picture of dying tuberculosis patients in small overcrowded rooms, sleeping in the same bed with their children, and so of necessity infecting those also, will haunt my mind for the rest of my life," he writes.

And so it ought to haunt the mind of every man and woman who enjoys decent housing. It should haunt the mind of those who in any shape or form hold up housing.

But Dr. Marsden has more revolting pictures still to show. A little child aged three sits in a cot all day. It is wedged between the wall and the bed. It has no desire to do anything else. It does not know how. It has never had any room to run about. At the foot sits a smaller child *whose only joy in life is trying to catch the vermin as they wander about the wall.*

This statement is abhorrent to all decent people and we hate making it, but the truth, however unpalatable, is necessary to move the hearts of men.

Youth at Bay

WHAT is youth thinking? That is what fifty different countries are trying to find out in readiness for the Twenty-ninth World Conference of Youth, next month.

The Prussian Ministry of Commerce has done the business thoroughly. It wants to track down the germ of industrial unrest. So do we. So does every thinking citizen wishing to ensure his children's future, or who has any regard for the well-being of his country.

Enquiries among adult writers having failed to spot the root of the trouble, the fresh, unjaded mind of youth has been searched. The enquiry has confirmed the view held by all social workers in Great Britain that *the unskilled are the weak spot in the industrial system.*

The minds of the unskilled are soil ripe for trouble. They see no light in life. They have no ambition to get on. Very few—only 2 per cent. in the case of one analysis—have any thought for the future. The earning of money or the hope of earning money is their only interest. The black spectre of unemployment shadows all their lives.

It is idleness and incompetence that breeds crime and social unrest. Any nation that begrudges teaching its youth is building a house of cards.

Smash the Vicious Triangle!

VICTORY in industrial, no less than military, warfare can only be won at a price that is not worth the paying. Of what use is "victory" to owners or miners if the price is a derelict industry?

HAD there never been a coal stoppage, there are 300 miners now living who would have gone to swell the annual death-roll of the mines.

That is a staggering thought. It is an awful indictment of any man who chooses to treat the tragedy of the mines with levity or regard the dispute as a move in the political game.

From the purely human standpoint it constitutes an unanswerable case for the miners. There is, however, another side to this question.

Let us admit at once that the Government has displayed an amazing incompetence throughout the whole of this miserable business. Let us repeat that the owners are an impossible set of men.

We will grant the miners these obvious facts and we are face to face with the equally obvious fact that their own case is in no better hands.

The coal stoppage, in ten weeks, has not produced a constructive word from their spokesmen. It has produced an endless series of negatives, a wearisome reiteration of a meaningless battle-cry, a great deal of heat and not a ray of light.

JOHN BULL has always had the utmost sympathy with the miners. We have not hesitated to express that sympathy in plain words. But we, in common with the rest of the country, are finding it increasingly difficult to retain our sympathy in face of the mulish obstinacy of their leaders.

There is one party to this dispute who has never yet been consulted. Has the public no right to be heard? Has the taxpayer, who found £30,000,000 for the coal industry, to have no voice in the matter?

WHAT do the miners want? Their leaders have never told us. They have only persisted in telling us what they do not want, and that gets us nowhere except further along the road to ruin.

Government, owners and miners have been tried and found wanting. All three have nailed the skull and crossbones to the masthead and invited the public to walk the plank.

The public rightly declines. It is tired of both the weakness of tyranny and the tyranny of weakness. It wants even now the application of a little common-sense to the problem.

We think we are interpreting the desire of the public very accurately when we demand a fresh start with fresh men. Let us scrap the lot and have the problem investigated anew by men who have no axe to grind, whether industrial or political.

The present negotiators are too deeply committed to their impossible positions to withdraw. Pride and *fear* have obscured reason.

It is not a mere industrial dispute that is in progress. It is a battle for the very existence of British industry. It is a national affair into which no element of pride, party or prejudice should be allowed to enter.

In eight years four Royal Commissions have held inquests on the coal industry. Every one of them has come to the conclusion that the coal should belong to the nation. In every case their recommendations have been set aside.

NOW there must be something very striking in the facts of the case for four Commissions to come to identically the same conclusion.

There must be something at stake of such vital importance as to warrant the decision upon it of the whole nation.

For, it must be remembered, these Commissioners were not socialists. They were economists, lawyers, statesmen—the most able and best-balanced brains in the country.

We do not see how the weight of their unanimity can be so lightly ignored.

In our opinion, the time has arrived when there should be a referendum of the nation on this question, without any quibble or possibility of appeal from the result.

What exactly do the miners want? Mr. Herbert Smith and his colleagues have left us in no doubt as to what they do not want. The time has come for them to say in concrete terms what are the reconstructive measures they will accept

Leasehold Robbery

A FAMOUS Continental politician once framed the maxim, "Property is theft."

This statement was a wild exaggeration of the truth, but it was not wholly false. There are forms of private property in Great Britain to-day which constitute a gross fraud on the public.

The leasehold land system is a case in point. If the land monopolist will not sell his land, or if the purchase-price is prohibitive, the best the house-builder or the commercial pioneer can do is to rent it from him on his own terms. These terms, under the existing law, amount to daylight robbery. Their iniquity almost passes belief.

At the expiry of the lease, the ground landlord who has enjoyed a heavy rent for a term of years, is legally entitled to seize everything that has been built upon the land, to confiscate without compensation the fruits of other people's labour and enterprise, to commandeer business premises or dwelling-houses without so much as a "by your leave." If this is not theft, we should like to know its correct moral definition.

If a prosperous business has been created, and it is desired to renew the lease, the landowner is entitled to charge a "fine," which amount is limited only by the extent of his greed. Thus the enterprising shopkeeper is robbed of a large slice of capital which, if not looted by the landlord, might be used to develop the business in harmony with public needs.

Worse still, the ground landlord is not compelled to renew the lease at all. As the law stands, the shopkeeper may find himself robbed in a night of the goodwill which he has built up through years of patient labour, while the whole value of the building and improvements he has created falls like a ripe plum into the landowners' open mouth.

That such a system should be tolerated by a democratic people in the twentieth century is incredible. Theft does not cease to be theft because it is aided and abetted by the law.

For God's Sake Wake Up!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

INSTEAD of treating the success of industry as its own concern, the trade union movement is still pursuing the petty tactics of a rebellious child. Prosperity for the nation or any of its classes cannot be attained in this way

Mr. C. T. Cramp, Industrial Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen

THE amazing attempt of the railwaymen's conference to muzzle the Press must have made a good many people wonder whether, after all, the fiasco of the general strike taught the trade unions any lessons.

As an exhibition of stupidity, tyranny, arrogance and blind rancour, it has rarely been equalled.

It is becoming more and more evident that the ideas and methods of the trade unions belong to the nineteenth century, and that for meeting and solving the labour problems of the twentieth century they are rather worse than useless.

They have not realised that the day has gone when their functions were, rightly, limited to defensive warfare against intolerable conditions. It does not seem to have occurred to them that the position they now occupy in the nation's industrial life saddles them with heavy responsibilities.

The weakness of power

It would be idle to deny that the trade unionist to-day wields, through his organisations, a formidable power. It would be equally idle to deny that not one trade unionist in a thousand realises that power implies responsibility and a very clear distinction between liberty and licence.

To say the least, it is not a dignified spectacle to see the great trade unions of this country putting their fingers to their noses and running about like irresponsible children shouting in effect, "Yah! You're another!"

Nothing is more urgently needed than industrial reconstruction. No body of men has a greater opportunity to help in this task than the trade unions. Yet they refuse their help, they shirk their responsibilities, and continue to protest against the conditions they themselves are helping to create and maintain.

I should have thought that the bitter lessons of the strike had by this time been burned into their souls. I know one railwayman, at any rate, who is sullenly wondering of what use to him are leaders who led him into the morass.

A transformation scene

He is one of those who, since the strike, has only been able to work three days a week. For these three days he takes home to his wife and child 19s. His rent, for two rooms, is 17s. And on the balance of 2s. he must feed and clothe himself and his family.

How he is living, God knows; but he is a flaming indictment of the false theories and crazy policies of the trade unions.

While the unions move uneasily in battle formation, panoplied round by the very terminology of war, there are, scattered through the country, men and women who, single-handed, are putting them to shame.

While the unions storm and threaten these men and women are getting on with the job. They are co-operating with any and every element in the nation that desires better things. While others talk, they act.

Down in Canning Town, that dismal section of London's Dockland, Mr. Kennedy Cox, Warden of the Dockland Settlement, has writ large a lesson for all to read.

There, when he began his work, were three rotting cottages, a stinking fried-fish shop, and a derelict builder's yard. He did not fume and storm and threaten. He evolved an idea, and he interested men and women of all classes in his idea, from the King downwards.

The rotting cottages disappeared, and a transformation scene began that has ended in a miracle. Now, there are jolly club-rooms, a gymnasium, dance-rooms and music-rooms. There is a boxing-ring, and rooms for the study of all the crafts and hobbies that appeal to men and women.

Bedlamite babblings

There is a fine Shakespearean theatre, a roof garden where roses bloom, a fountain and a bandstand.

To make two blades of grass grow where one grew before is good. To make a dirty desert blossom as the rose is service to humanity past all computation.

We hear plenty of the Cooks and the Cramps of the world. Our papers are filled with the screamings of the Zinovieffs and their puny imitators—and to what end?

Far better to search out the Kennedy Coxes of the world and hold up their selfless energy for imitation. For that is better than all the political nostrums in the world. That is a piece of practical social reform that makes all the pious resolutions of a trade union conference read like the babblings of a Bedlamite.

There is scarcely a problem afflicting this country that could not speedily be solved if the brains that are keeping alive the hatreds and outworn prejudices in the trade union world were applied with the same deadly earnestness to co-operative construction.

There would speedily be a return of that prosperity that once made the name of England paramount throughout the world if only the power of the unions were directed to national reconstruction instead of being dissipated in chasing wages round the endless circle of prices.

"Englishmen tell me," said a famous American writer the other day, "that the world is going to the dogs. I presume to doubt it. But I am by no means sure about England."

That is a statement that should make us all think, for that is how we look to other eyes: and it is always a salutary, if occasionally a humiliating, experience.

When this country was the envy of the world we were jeered at for being a "nation of shopkeepers." It was the jeer of malice and envy from those who strove in vain to emulate our industry and our craftsmanship.

For my part, I should like to hear that jeer once more. For in losing our capacity for work we are in serious danger of losing our self-respect.

I have just returned from a visit to most of the European capitals. It is not pleasant to see the way the respect of Europe has turned from England to America, nor to see the way in which America is scooping the trade of Europe that could just as easily feed the workshops of this country if only we would buckle to.

On the brink of disaster

The trade unions are not giving the country the help they might, and both they and their country are the poorer in consequence. Both they and their country are sliding steadily nearer the industrial abyss for lack of nothing more than a little straight thinking and good will.

For God's sake let us wake up before it is too late. Britain was once the workshop of the world. There is nothing to stop her being so again except the deliberate desire of the nation to commit suicide.

What Mr. Snowden wants is wanted by all—yet he might as well cry for the moon!

WHEN the effects of the recent industrial upheaval have been stabilised, when the dispute in the coal trade has been settled, the eternal problem of unemployment will remain.

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P., former Chancellor of the Exchequer

It is not enough for the Government and the public to condemn strikes. They must realise that they have a responsibility for industrial chaos.

In an age which has mastered the command of marvellous natural forces, which can transmit the human voice through thousands of miles of space, which has harnessed steam and electric power as the servant of mankind, which can produce material wealth in once undreamt-of volume, men hang themselves because they are denied the opportunity to work to feed themselves and their families!

The Haunt

And in the face of such tragedies as these we go callously on, trying to discover new secrets which will add riches to riches and luxury to luxury.

In the depth of last winter, a Member of Parliament excused himself from attending a meeting of unemployed on the ground that he had to take his wife and family to the Riviera to escape the rigour of the English climate!

HOW true it is that half the world knows not how the other half lives. It is difficult for the man who has never known privation, who has never had but a week's work standing between him and starvation, to enter into the common experience of the millions of the wage-earning class.

And the strangest thing of all is the indifference, or resignation, or stoicism of the sufferers from these inhuman conditions.

Sometimes they rebel, and those who are on their backs murmur about the ingratitude of the "lower orders." Sometimes in despair they hang themselves.

Each week the Ministry of Labour publishes the official figures of the registered unemployed. It

Palm Oil and Plunder

by A. G. GARDINER

TO talk, as Mr. Wheatley did, as if the deposition of the West Ham guardians was part of a conspiracy against local government, was like saying that the discharge of a policeman for pilfering was an interference with law and order

I HOPE that the very just and natural indignation aroused by the exposure of the West Ham scandal will not obscure the urgent problem behind that scandal. About the magnitude and flagrancy of the scandal itself no reasonable man can have any doubt. Nor do I think that the Government had any alternative in the matter.

It was confronted with a body which had impudently abused a public trust, not by accident but by deliberate policy, had brought the finances of a great community to bankruptcy, and having plundered the ratepayer in the pursuit of this policy, had begun to call on the general taxpayer to provide funds for the continuance of their profligacy.

The worst enemies of public administration are those who abuse their trust, and if local government is to be kept clean we must have some means of protecting the decent ratepayer against such disgraceful pillage as that which has been going on for years in West Ham.

Let the West Ham example spread and pauperism would be the only prosperous career left.

Let us first glance at the condition to which the guardians had brought matters.

They had an overdraft of £300,000 at the bankers; they owed £2,000,000 to the Ministry of Health (that is, to the country); they had rates at 24s. in the pound, and they had applied for a further loan of £425,000.

The plunder policy

I am not suggesting that these terrific figures represent the maladministration of the guardians. They do not. West Ham is a great city of the poor just over the London border where in times of depression like these a vast mass of abject poverty is inevitable, and a great deal of relief is also inevitable. If the guardians had done their duty, the financial position of West Ham would still be deplorable.

But that position has been shockingly aggravated by a policy of public plunder, the worst effect of which is, not the bankruptcy of the community, but the corruption of the whole morale of the people.

There is no finer asset of a nation than its self-respect and its sense of independence. It is that quality that is the motive-power of all endeavour.

Take that away, make it possible and reputable for men to live not by their own labour but by the labour of others, and you make a community of idlers and destroy the character of the nation, and with its character its prosperity.

That is what has been done at West Ham. The relief of the needy poor is a duty. But at West Ham pauperism has been converted into a career. Public elections have become a sort of Dutch auction of mutual corruption. "Give us your votes and we will give you relief" has been the bargain that has been struck.

At the pistol point

The chief ratepayers were the great corporations like the railways that had no votes, and they were offered up for the exploitation of the electorate. Young and old were invited to come in and share the feast, and he got most votes who undertook to hand out the most liberal largesse.

The public auditor's revelations of this reign of loot are staggering.

"In many such cases," he says, "the payment of relief in addition to the income raises the total means of the family to such high figures as £5, £6 and £7 per week, clearly above the general average of families who are not on out-relief."

The cases quoted by Mr. Chamberlain were bewildering in their calculated extravagance.

A married woman with her two daughters, earning together £5 12s. a week, receives 25s. a week relief for four weeks and 15s. afterwards; a widow with four children, total income £6 3s. 6d., is allowed £1 a week for fourteen weeks; household of six, income £6 a week, relief allowed £1 a week; household of five, reported income £4, relief 30s. a week, subsequently discovered father earns not £3 5s. a week but £10 a week.

Sir H. Kingsley Wood, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health

And so on, *ad infinitum*. As Mr. Killip, one of the guardians himself, but one who has the decency to be ashamed of this orgy of corruption, says, the board has given away the ratepayers' money "as though they were giving out handbills."

If such a monstrous disease were allowed to spread our whole social and financial fabric would collapse, and in putting in an *ad hoc* authority to see that the law is observed the Government only did its plain duty. But, while saying this, I repeat that the gross and sensational facts of the scandal must not blind us to the problems behind.

A poisonous system

One of those problems is the continued existence of the antiquated, wasteful, degrading Poor Law system. That system should have been thrown on to the rubbish-heap years ago.

With health insurance, unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, and other machinery for dealing with the needs of the poor or the temporarily unfortunate, poor relief is superfluous. It leads to infinite corruption.

Take the fact alone that 55 per cent. of the unemployed in receipt of unemployed pay in West Ham were also in receipt of poor relief and we see how a lawless set of guardians can defeat the law. In Birmingham the percentage of such cases is 3, and in Hackney it is 9.

Mr. Chamberlain has promised that next year the poor law system shall be swept away, and we must see that the undertaking is kept. The true principle of relief is to put it more and more on the insurance basis, and to vest it as far as possible in the control of powers not directly elected by the recipients of relief.

While no one in his senses will justify such proceedings as those at West Ham, it is fair to remember that West Ham is what we have made it. It lies neglected and impoverished at the gate of this great city.

Fruits of neglect

In every essential it is a part of London, and if it were administratively a part of London it would have benefited by the equalisation of rates which relieves the poor parts of London at the expense of the rich. But it has been left with all its burden of poverty to face alone.

That is a crime, and, as one who has fought for years against the selfish privileges of the City and the mischievous policy of keeping L.C.C. London cribbed, cabined and confined within its present limits, I see the West Ham scandal largely as the natural fruit of London's neglect of its duty.

We have removed the mote from West Ham's eye. It is time to remove the beam in our own eye. It is time we had a great reconstruction of London government.

ed Millions

by The Right Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

stands to-day at about a million and three-quarters. That by no means states the full extent of unemployment.

Most of these have families dependent upon them. They have the "dole." But that is not enough to keep body and soul together. Hundreds of thousands of the unemployed have to supplement the "dole" by poor law relief.

The fear of being out of work, through no fault of his own, is ever before the eyes of the workman like a terrible nightmare. The anxiety undermines his physical strength.

The possibility, or the actuality, makes his wife an old and haggard woman before her time. She starves herself that her husband and children may take her share.

THE loss of manhood and self-respect is one of the most depressing consequences of unemployment. It is not a slow descent for the once self-respecting workman to be driven by a period of hopeless unemployment into the frame of mind that he doesn't care whether he gets work or not.

A terribly painful feature of the unemployment figures is the large percentage of young men and boys. Thousands of lads leave school and fail to obtain work. At such an age idleness is fatal.

Apart from the human loss from unemployment—the human suffering and privation and the destruction of moral fibre—the social waste and economic loss are incalculable.

In the last five years not less than £500,000,000 has been spent in relieving the unemployed. The loss of wealth production is enormously greater.

THE public needs to be shaken out of its apathy on this terrible evil. So long as a human being lacks a sufficiency of food, clothing, shelter, and the comforts which this age of science can supply, and so long as there are natural resources unexhausted, there need be no man out of work, if we would but organise ourselves to that end.

Those of us who are more fortunate, to whom the fear of privation is no pressing terror, have the greater responsibility.

Surely it is not beyond the wisdom of men and women of heart and good will to devise a social system where the poverty and misery of the present will be known only as a shameful memory.

Keeps vitality up

Summer days will be sleepy days unless your family's food is nourishing and energy-giving. Low vitality opens the door for illness. Keep their vitality up by serving Quaker Oats for breakfast.

Quaker is so pure and easily digested that it never overheats the blood. There are two kinds of Quaker—the greatest of vim and energy foods. Original Quaker is the kind everyone knows. The other kind, *Quick* Quaker, cooks in 3 to 5 minutes.

Both are made from the world's richest, sweetest, sun-ripened oats. A breakfast or supper of Quaker means more health for less money. Start serving it to-day.

Quaker
TWO KINDS NOW
Your Grocer has both kinds
Quaker and Oats
Quick Quaker
Same Prices 5d and 9½d
S 26/B

AN INFAMOUS IMPOSITION

THE TYRANNY OF TITHES

Ex-Soldier's Trying Experiences

THERE is no more useful class in the community than the smallholder. There is none more disgracefully burdened by unjust laws.

Added to his bitter struggle for a livelihood against adverse economic circumstances, such as heavy rents and low prices from the middleman, he is faced with at least two iniquitous forms of legal imposition.

One of these is tithes, an ancient system of extorting money from the farmer and the smallholder which the rest of the community escapes.

There was some little justification for tithes at a time when there was only one religion in the country and it did actively care for the souls of the community.

But in these days it is preposterous to make a farmer contribute to the support of a clergyman when he might disagree very strongly with that clergyman's religion, or lack of it.

An unjust tax

What is even worse, the tithe may not go to the clergyman at all, but to some private individual, a comfortable "country gentleman." There is a vast difference between paying an unjust tax to the State or Church and paying it to a private individual for his personal benefit.

"Take my own case," writes Mr. J. C. Heseltine, of Ropley, Winchester. "By dint of hard saving and borrowing on mortgage, I managed to buy a small-holding. By working all hours of daylight and some of dark and taking no holidays, I knew I could make it pay and increase food production.

"It went so much against the grain to pay tithes that I decided to get rid of this unjust tax by the only means possible—that is, by paying an amount for 'redemption' under the Act of 1918.

A double blow

"This amount in my case was £103, no small sum for a working smallholder; it would have enabled me to increase my stock by at least four good heifers.

"Yet even that sacrifice did not end my tithe troubles.

"It so happened that a small portion of my land was assessed for tithes with another smallholder's land and I could not redeem that portion until he redeemed his. As his was the larger piece of the combined 'tithe-field' he had to pay the tithe and collect my share of it from me.

"I still had to pay my neighbour 19s. 7d. every half-year.

"Soon, however, my neighbour sold his land and it was divided into small plots, each smaller than my piece which adjoined his. So now the responsibility for collecting the tithe fell on me—after I had paid £103 of hard-earned and borrowed money to get rid of the worry of it.

A distasteful task

"I have now to collect tithes from the ten different people who own what was my neighbour's land. Some of the owners of the plots live several miles away and the amounts to be collected from them are in some cases as low as ninepence!

"If the others refuse or neglect to pay, my only remedy is to summon them or to pay the whole myself and saddle myself with a burden which I have already paid £103 to avoid."

Quite as hard on the smallholder is the system of rating assessment. In towns the rating assessments are made on a systematic basis and the victim can easily appeal if he thinks himself over-assessed.

But in country districts the tale is very different.

An infamous method

An ex-soldier who was pensioned off after extensive foreign service before the war, returned to England to settle down on a plot of land on which to grow fruit and vegetables and keep a few fowls.

At the end of the war he found himself worse off than ever before. As he simply could not support his wife and family on the pension and what little he earned on the holding he had no alternative but to set to work harder still.

Hearing that some very dilapidated greenhouses were for sale a few miles away he decided to buy them for tomato-growing. He could not afford to have them taken down and transported to his premises so he tackled the job himself.

But hardly had he got the *debris* across to his holding and started the foundations than he received a shock in the shape of an increased assessment of £10 a year on his rates!

Nobody came near the place to look at the greenhouses, nobody asked him any questions. The first he knew of it was when he received the demand for the increased amount!

Even when he had finished the erection of the glasshouses he found the extra rates a great burden. For the money he pays in rates would buy some necessary heating apparatus which would enable him to get his tomatoes on the market earlier and thus get a better profit.

The method of rating is as infamous as any part of the whole business, for it continually entails the trouble and worry of appeals even if the victims are ultimately successful in getting the assessment reduced.

Up go the rates!

The assessors have no qualifications whatever for the job. They may be village tradesmen and may never even take the trouble to look at the properties they are assessing.

They hear that John Robinson has put up a glasshouse or a fowl-shed and they forthwith clap a few pounds on his rates, according to their like or dislike of their victim.

In the particular village where this smallholder lives the rates are continually increasing for no apparent cause.

The rates have just been increased by 20 per cent., chiefly on account of such vague things as "general purposes," roads and police.

The victims' plight

The police are rarely seen and never when they are wanted to catch fowl thieves.

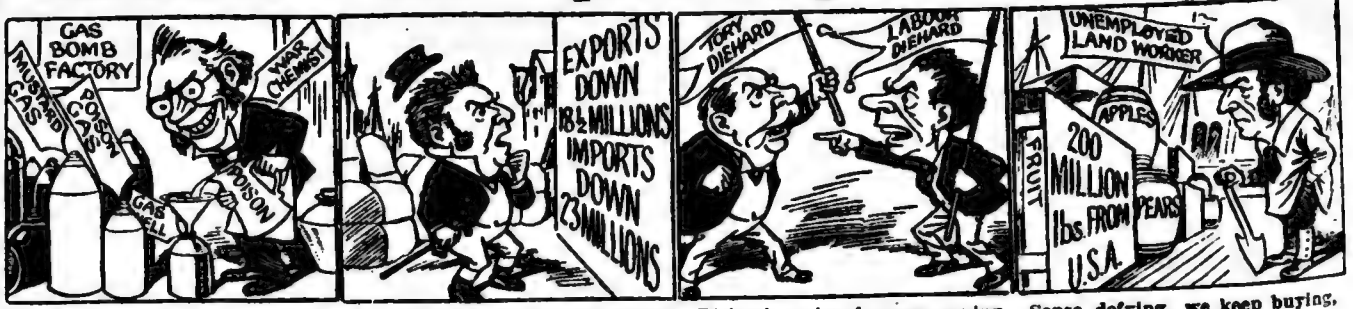
The roads themselves are in a disgraceful condition, the one on which our smallholder lives being impassable in wet weather.

Owing to their ignorance of the law many cottagers and smallholders fall victims to the excessive and unjust rating methods, because they do not know how to appeal.

As it is, the victims must grin and bear it and economise still further on food and clothes.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND



Won't the devil have a revel
When the next war comes,
And the legions in his regions
Hear our battle drums!

Exports shrinking, imports sinking,
Facts we can't evade,
It's a knock-out, is this lock-out,
For our foreign trade.

Diehards raving, bannors waving,
Fill us with disgust.
It's in Try-hards not in Diehards
We must put our trust.

Sense defying, we keep buying,
By the million pound,
Fruit we know that we can grow
Here on English ground.

A FINE BAG OF CROOKS

SWINDLING AID SOCIETY

Three Rogues and a Dodger

ONE of the worst charity swindles of modern times has just come to an end through the conviction, at the Old Bailey, of three rogues whose names and methods have been well known to JOHN BULL for many years.

Time after time, in the course of our investigations into the affairs of various bogus charities, we have come across these rascals, and, from the information in our possession, we are thus able to publish an exclusive story of their meanness and trickery.

The three men in question are Harry Denys Gerard, John Michael Strachan and Laurie Greig. They have all been found guilty of collecting money for an organisation styled the National Hospital Aid Society, which they diverted to their own use.

Originally a fourth man was charged with them named Edward Delves Carey. This person has absconded on bail, and is therefore at the moment a fugitive from justice.

A notorious character

Carey, as a matter of fact, is a very notorious character. He has been associated with bogus charities for years.

He first came to the notice of JOHN BULL in connection with a concern called the Disabled Soldiers' and Sailors' Workshops Association.

Carey, who then only boasted the Christian name of Frank, was "assistant secretary and manager" of this concern, which, after an inglorious career, faded into obscurity. The police had received many complaints about it.

He next came into prominence, after being associated with other bogus charities, in connection with a concern called the National Publishing and Associated Organisations, Limited.

This was run by a gentleman named Anthony John Chalmers, who succeeded in lifting money from a number of ex-Service men in search of work.

A helpful publication

Chalmers was quite clever in the task of raising money for charities—that is to say, in raising money for charities which began at home. Known also by the names of Bashame and Barrington, Chalmers produced a paper entitled the *Arena*.

This publication was stated to be "primarily concerned with charity administration" and helped Chalmers considerably in the work of making appeals for money.

It is interesting to note that the *Arena* paid compliments to Mr. Denys Gerard, who, by this time, had joined the merry gang.

Photographs also appeared in the *Arena* of Mr. Gerard, and on one occasion he was shown in the company of a famous titled lady, whose patronage had been obtained to lend prestige to a charity scheme that was thoroughly unsound.

In due course the *Arena* died. Then it came to light that at least one man had been induced to part with money in connection with it, and had lost everything.

We took it upon ourselves to make a few remarks about the *Arena*, and were favoured with a writ for libel from Mr. Chalmers.

He did not go on with his action, however. The police came to us for information which we gladly gave, and which resulted in his arrest. Chalmers was sent to jail for eleven months for fraud.

By this time Mr. Gerard had fallen out with Mr. Chalmers, and he favoured us with a call.

Some awkward questions

His object was to inform us that he was not really a crook, and he tried to prevail upon us to believe that Chalmers and the others were even blacker than we had painted

Harry Denys Gerard

them, while he himself was something of a saint compared with them.

We put one or two questions to him that unnerved him a little. We asked him, for instance, if it was not a fact that he had been collecting money, with some other people, for a certain blind society, much of which had gone into his own pocket.

We also asked whether he and his friends had skeleton keys with which they were able to open the boxes and extract money before handing them into the society.

An artful plan

He looked very flurried. He, himself, had never done such a thing, but it was within his knowledge that some of his associates had!

The next notable achievement of Carey, Gerard and the two other men who were in the dock with the latter at the Old Bailey, was in connection with a bogus concern called the National Hospital Aid Society.

They hit upon the plan of going to theatres and, with the permission of the managements, addressing the public and taking collections.

Gerard, who is a good public speaker, made a splendid success of this new scheme. He and his associates dressed themselves up to look like medical students, and many people gave generously because they thought that their money was going to hospitals in need of it. The money was really going into their own pockets.

So much for Gerard and Carey.

John Michael Strachan, the third delinquent in the dock, is a younger rascal than the others. His real name is Stevenson, and he has had the impertinence to masquerade frequently in the honoured name of Hill-Wood.

How a fraud was stopped

We exposed him some time ago for being concerned with another man in an audacious plan to rob a West-End medical practitioner.

The doctor was approached to finance a ballot scheme, which was to be fraudulently conducted, the suggestion being that if he provided the necessary cash for initial expenses, he would be given the biggest share of the plunder.

Happily we got to know of the facts, and publicity prevented the fraud from being carried out.

During the Old Bailey proceedings last week, Mr. J. McCrossen, the manager of the Golden Domes Cinema, Denmark Hill, in giving evidence against the prisoners, paid a great compliment to JOHN BULL.

"When they asked permission to make a collection at my cinema," he said, "I rang up JOHN BULL. I have often prevented fraudulent or dubious collectors from carrying out their intention by making enquiries regarding them from JOHN BULL."

He is a wise man, and many other swindles could be prevented if people would only follow his example.

Gerard, Strachan and Greig are now in jail—Greig for twelve months, Gerard for four, and Strachan for six.

Greig has already served two terms of penal servitude—one of five years for forgery.

Where is Carey?

Gerard, whose real name is Savereux, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment at Lambeth Police Court last year for deserting his wife, while Strachan, in the name of J. Henry Wood, has had two minor convictions against him.

But what of Carey, who absconded from his bail, leaving his three colleagues to face the music alone?

We do not prejudge him guilty of the charges which led to his arrest. But it is only fair and just that steps should be taken to find him at once so that he may be placed in the dock to answer to a jury of his countrymen for the part he played in this colossal swindle.

56 Cheques for £5:5s. to Registered Readers.

(See page 2).

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COMPANY MEETING.

TAMPLIN & SON'S BREWERY, BRIGHTON.

AN IMPORTANT ACQUISITION.

The 37th annual general meeting of Tamplin and Son's Brewery, Brighton, Ltd., was held on July 8th at Brighton.

Mr. Alexander Miller-Hallett, who presided, said that he was once more glad to be able to report steady progress and consequent success. The board suggested the payment of a final dividend on the ordinary shares of 1s. per share, making 2s. per share, less tax, for the year, and a bonus of 1s. per share, less tax. They were placing £5,000 to reserve, thus bringing it up to £106,000, and carrying forward £31,211, as against £28,357 brought forward. He feared that the state of the finances of the country did not allow much hope of any immediate relief from the very heavy weight of taxation which their trade was carrying.

He then came to what he felt sure the shareholders would consider a most interesting announcement—namely, the acquirement of the old and prosperous business of Kidd and Hotblack by their company. (Cheers.) The board had not the slightest doubt that the acquisition of this business would lead to the strengthening of the parent company. It was proposed to form a subsidiary company to take over the properties belonging to that business. The subsidiary company would be making an issue of £200,000 in 6 per cent. debenture stock to provide part of the purchase money. The prospectus of the new issue would be sent to all their stock and share holders, and as far as possible they would receive preferential allotment.

The report was adopted.

They keep cool who drink

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

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(Double quantity) 2/6

THERE are homes in Christian Britain that would disgrace a naked savage. Yet no serious steps are taken by the authorities for betterment. Is it strange that there are some "wild men" who threaten revolution?

SOULS IN TORMENT

by DAVID ARLOTT

IN Great Britain, the heart of the greatest Empire the world has ever known, there are at this moment thousands of poor little souls suffering all the torments of neglect, disease and pain, who have only the hope of an early death as a release from their earthly purgatory.

It is said that "All men are equal," but that cannot be said of children, as equality ceases one minute after birth.

In the case of a child born in luxury every care is taken to have a first-class doctor and nurse, and pure food and all appointments such as bedding, clothing, nursery, etc., must be above suspicion.

In the case of the slum-born child, it is a common occurrence for the infant at birth to be wrapped in rags or newspaper and put in an orange-box or any such contraption. There is not much equality in these cases.

The weapons of slaughter

Then consider the death-rate. It is safe to say that four out of five children are born healthy. The slaughter of the infants commences immediately after birth, the weapons used being neglect and ignorance.

The neglect and ignorance are not confined to poor and uneducated parents, but are also attached to many men and women who, by their position in life, have a duty to perform which is often grossly neglected.

What chance has a newly born child of a healthy life in a certain six-roomed house in County Durham, six small rooms and one w.c., when seven families comprising fifty men, women and children are occupying it?

Will it be any wonder if the infant ceases to exist before the year is out, and can it be said that this country has done its duty to the life given into its care?

A menace to morality

Consider for a moment the plight of the people living in the 72,000 back-to-back houses in Leeds, without through ventilation and without any circulation of fresh air being possible. We are told that only 12,000 of these hovels have separate sanitary arrangements, the remainder having one such place for each group of houses.

Could anyone be surprised if the morals of the people were unhealthy, and the streets thronged nightly by men, women and children seeking to escape conditions that would not be tolerated by Hottentots?

One of the great English showplaces is Stratford-on-Avon, but we take care not to show to Americans and others the two adjoining festering sores called Ettington and Combroke, two pretty English villages where children are expected to lead a decent moral life.

The sanitary inspector says many of the sanitary arrangements are so dilapidated that privacy is impossible; and the other outstanding features of these homes are that many houses are without doors at the back, windows not made to open, broken plastering, defective floors, walls and roofs.

A large number are damp and contain only one bedroom. The whole of the houses derive their water from shallow wells, and in many cases storm water flows in at the top.

These are British, not African, villages.

Death-rate doubled

The reports from Birmingham state that the death-rate in the congested areas is almost double the rate in the better-class districts.

At Ryhope, Sunderland, there are fourteen persons, of whom eleven are adults, living in four rooms, whilst

David Arlett

near by ten persons are living in two rooms.

At Atherstone, a miner, his wife and five young children, because of lack of accommodation, are condemned to rent and live in a mud hut, which is slowly dissolving back into mother earth.

What a fate for a man who spends his working hours underground!

At Swansea, South Wales, some patriot has rented a house and shop at 15s. a week and occupies the shop and one room. The rest of the accommodation (five bedrooms and two small attics) is sub-let to five families comprising twenty-six people who pay the above kind soul £4 4s. per week between them.

Terrible figures

The same person has another two houses in the town similarly overcrowded and, incidentally, profitable.

At Southwark County Court an order was applied for to eject thirteen people from two rooms.

Need we, therefore, express surprise to learn that in England and Wales alone every year approximately 60,000 infants die before they are twelve months old, whilst a lucky 8,000 don't survive the first day, the death-rate in the congested slum districts being four times as great as in the better-class districts. And this happens in a civilised country!

We are told that as a result of the life these children have to live, 40 per cent. of those who reach five years of age bear with them physical defects which could have been either prevented or cured.

What a fine start in life! Two out of every five children crippled or diseased.

These are facts, for when 2,500 000 school children were medically examined it was found that considerably more than 1,000,000 were suffering from physical defects, whilst the working population lost 14,000,000 weeks in one year through sickness.

There are at least 400,000 people in Scotland living in houses of one room only, and another 2,000,000 living in houses of not more than two rooms—in other words, nearly half the population of Scotland are living in houses of one or two rooms.

One in four killed!

Further, not less than 15 per cent. of the one-room and 30 per cent. of the two-room houses contain lodgers in addition to the ordinary family, and it is estimated that thousands of the one-room houses contain six or seven people and many hundreds contain at least a dozen people.

At an enquiry held in regard to slum clearing and town planning at Leven, it was stated that the plan of dealing with 160 houses had to be curtailed for financial reasons.

Yet the medical officer of health gave evidence showing the infantile death-rate in the area under discussion was, owing to the insanitary conditions, three times as great as in other parts of the town. Out of every four infants born, one is killed by the living conditions.

Scotland's blot

It was proposed to deal with sixty of the 160 houses, thus allowing the murderous conditions to remain, and all because of alleged financial reasons in connection with a handful of houses of little value.

Just imagine the sanitary condition, particularly where one tap and one closet has to serve a number of houses. Imagine the family and the lodger turning out or turning their faces away whilst a birth is taking place or one of the denizens dies.

Dr. Russell, who for twenty-six years was medical officer of health for Glasgow, tells us that 32 per cent. of the Glasgow children who die before attaining their fifth year come from one-room houses, whilst only 2 per cent. come from the better-class houses of five or more rooms.

No wonder Glasgow sent a Labour contingent to Westminster to see that the State took some action to remedy these evil conditions, for Scotland, the land of the heather and deer forest, is a blot, and the stench of its slums rivals Cairo or Port Said

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They like it—and with it build a splendid habit of personal hygiene, a clean mouth.

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WRIGLEY'S

When Corns Ache like Ulcerated Teeth—

don't simply worry the *top* with a razor or burn it off with caustic acids. Get after the *root*. That is what causes all the pain by pressing on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out. You wouldn't cut the top off an aching tooth to stop the pain. Same way with a corn.

Rest the feet for a few minutes in hot water containing a handful of refined **Reudel Bath Saltrates.**

THE GUARANTEED WAY

To quickly banish and prevent all foot troubles.

Instantly stops aches, pains, tenderness, burning, itching, and the bad effects of acid perspiration.

Used and highly recommended by Sir Harry Lauder, George Robey, Phyllis Monkman, Violet Loraine, Eugene Corri, Jimmy Wilde, Kid Lewis, Georges Carpentier, and hundreds of other well-known people. Actors, actresses, dancers, soldiers, boxers and others, to whom sound, healthy feet are an absolute necessity, say "Saltrates" water offers the one quick, safe, convenient and never failing means of permanently curing any form of foot misery.

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Heal it with Zam-Buk!

IF your skin hurts you, if you get a cut or bruise, burn or scald—apply the soothing and reliable remedy. *Heal it with Zam-Buk!*

If you or your children have any unpleasant skin or scalp trouble that resists mere ointments and threatens to become chronic, try this proved conqueror of obstinate skin ailments. *Heal it with Zam-Buk!*

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Zam-Buk 1/3 per box and 3/- for family size.
Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap 1/- per tablet.

In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

IN a gloomy world the "little mothers" provide a healthy gleam of sunshine. Twelve-year-old Lucy is a typical example of the little girls who are both sisters and mothers. Her mother-love and pride in young Peter nearly cost her her life

A CHILD'S MOTHER-LOVE

I HAVE just walked through the children's department of my hospital, and in one of the cots there lies a pitiful fragment of humanity. The little form is covered with plaster and bandages until it is almost unrecognisable.

The chart over the cot is the only clue to the identity of the little patient. It says that her name is Lucy Wainwright and her age is given as twelve. From the nurse it is possible to glean other information about her.

This child is the victim of a motor accident. Attempting to cross the Broadway at Hammersmith, accompanied by her little brother, a child of three, she was knocked down, and conveyed by the ambulance to the hospital. The little fellow fortunately escaped injury, but his sister was so seriously hurt that the doctors despaired of her life.

She had only been in the ward a few minutes when a frail little woman came hurrying into the building. She was the girl's mother, and had been called away from her work to the scene of the tragedy. Then she had followed the ambulance on its sorrowful pilgrimage.

The doctor's fight

With a flushed face and anxious heart she waited to hear the doctor's verdict. When she was told the grave news she pleaded with him to save her bairn. "I've lost my husband," she said tearfully. "My children are all I've got in the world, and I couldn't bear to lose one of them."

In quiet tones he assured her that everything possible would be done. When he returned to the ward, he spoke to the nurse. "We've got to pull this kiddie through," he said, "though God knows it will take some doing."

That day the fight for this child's life began, and for three weeks it has gone on unceasingly day and night. At last it seemed that victory was in sight, but suddenly, and without warning, the child had a relapse and once again her name was on the danger list.

When the little woman came in the afternoon to enquire after her child she was told that her condition was not good. Late in the evening, as there was no improvement, she was permitted to stay at the hospital to be at hand in case she was needed.

It was evident that the strain was beginning to tell on that mother. For three weeks she had endured a paroxysm of agony, and it had reduced her to a physical wreck.

Through the shadows

After she had sat by the bedside for an hour or two food was offered to her, but with a catch in her voice she said, "I couldn't swallow it. It would choke me if I tried." All through that night she kept an unbroken vigil over that cot.

For a time I watched her sitting by the still and silent form. Every now and again she closed her eyes, and her lips moved as though in prayer. Then when she saw me she whispered anxiously, "She's breathing quietly now. Oh! tell me she's going to get better."

I would have given much to have been the bearer of such tidings, but there was nothing I could say. As I looked at the child it seemed as though the Angel of Death was standing by, waiting to take her away.

At a quarter past nine the next morning my telephone bell rang. The Sister of the children's ward was speaking. Breathlessly I waited for the news. Lucy had responded slightly to an injection which had been administered, and there seemed a likelihood of her regaining consciousness.

Hurriedly I went upstairs, and I was just in time to see the child open her eyes. Wonderingly she gazed around her. Then she looked at her mother.

In a voice which was just audible she said "Mum—Mum—where's Peter—Peter?" (Peter was her little brother who was with her at the time of the accident.) "He's all right, and waiting at home for you to get well," said the woman.

Philip Inman

As though perfectly satisfied, the child smiled faintly and then slowly closed her eyes. That was the turning-point. A few minutes afterwards she fell into a natural sleep, and later in the day there was a marked improvement in her condition.

* * *

It was the 30th March that Lucy Wainwright became a patient in the hospital, and to-day as I write the date on my calendar is July 6. Time is a great healer, and Nature has done her work well. Beyond a scar on her forehead, which will remain a permanent souvenir of her accident, Lucy Wainwright has completely recovered.

The sister's pride

She tells a strange story of her adventure which so nearly cost her her life. While her mother was out at work she had been left in charge of her little brother. A leaflet announcing a local sale of work had been thrown through the doorway.

Amongst the attractions there was to be a baby show at which a prize was to be offered for the bonniest child. And that girl had conceived the idea that her little brother might win that prize.

"I wanted it to be a surprise for Mum," said Lucy, as she finished her story. "You and Peter are my prizes," said her mother, thankfully, "and, thank God, I've still got you."

The Sentence of the Court

PUFFING BILLY DOBBIE

A Collision with Common Sense

WHEN charged with using insulting language, W. Dobbie, president of the National Union of Railwaymen, asked that representatives of all newspapers which were not "100 per cent. trade unionist" be excluded from the court. This demand having been politely refused, Mr. Dobbie pleaded "Not guilty" at the top of his voice.

* * *

"THE first duty of a railwayman," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is to keep to the rails; but in his presidential address to the N.U.R. conference the accused, apparently disdaining his audience too much to favour it with a reasoned discourse, inflicted upon his hearers a prolonged noise such as might be made by a train of thought which had got off the rails and was zigzagging through a tunnel on the way to nowhere-in-particular.

"Instead of admitting frankly that the late unlamented general strike was a blunder, he sought to justify it, indulged in elegant references to 'scabs in Oxford bags,' and announced that the class war must be intensified in future.

"More offensive still were his references to the Prime Minister, whom he described as 'a dangerous hypocrite' addicted to fox-like cunning and fighting 'frantically and viciously' to down the workers.

"I hold no brief for Mr. Baldwin, who, as a politican, must expect criticism; but this sort of abuse, levelled against a gentleman who, whatever his faults, has honestly and sincerely striven to bring about an atmosphere of good will in the industrial world, only serves to stamp the person who utters it as unworthy of speaking for the great majority of fair-minded railwaymen."

* * *

"MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that probably the average railwayman would "rail" less and "weigh" his words more, but allowances should be made for Mr. Dobbie, who was rather a temperamental person. It was all very well to talk of Mr. Baldwin as a man of peace, but during his premiership the most serious industrial war this country had known had come to pass.

* * *

"WHAT the N.U.R. has done to deserve Mr. Dobbie I cannot imagine," said Mr. Justice Bull, "and what Mr. Dobbie imagines he has done to entitle him to become truculently offensive toward his betters is likewise shrouded in mystery.

"In pouring out the vials of his froth on the Prime Minister he has merely drawn attention to his own deficiencies in both matter and manners.

"As an aid toward securing improved industrial conditions, the class war would be about as useful as would be the 'Puffing Billy' for conveying hopeful orators from Manchester to the millennium. Unless Mr. Dobbie applies the brakes to such outbreaks he is likely to wreck his reputation in a collision with common sense.

"It is a wise railwayman who realises when the semaphore of public opinion is set against him. On this occasion the prisoner recklessly forged ahead, despite a warning signal from Mr. Thomas, so I must direct that he and his forty-seven hoarse-power vocal engine be shunted off the permanent way."

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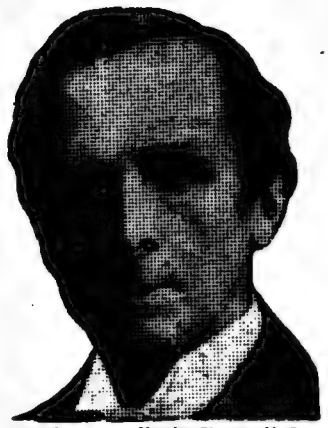

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The Royal Physician who endorsed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure.

WHEN you send for this FREE book you will take a step that every year leads thousands of victims of Asthma and Bronchitis to a simple, effective, permanent cure. Dr. Hair's cure is known the world over. Its value is attested by hundreds of medical men and laymen who use it and recommend it.

The remedy described in this book is a liquid medicine that you can buy in your own town. A complete course of treatment costs but a few shillings; yet it operates so effectively that before many doses have been taken the sufferer is able to sleep in bed peacefully, awakens refreshed and strengthened, and soon finds himself gaining complete health and vigour. Many cases that seemed hopeless have been permanently cured by this remedy. In some instances the results have been so startling that Medical Men have been unable to restrain their expressions of satisfaction, despite the rules of Medical Etiquette.

A WELL-KNOWN DOCTOR WRITES:

December 12, 1925.

"Though it is not my practice to give testimonials to secret remedies, I consider that 'Hair's Asthma Cure' has been before the Profession for so long that there is no objection to my adding my personal testimony to its efficacy in Asthma and Bronchitis." Yours faithfully, ——— M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

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Another doctor says that the sick SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO SUFFER when this remedy is available. You need not suffer. You may start on the way to complete health NOW by sending at once for the free book in which Dr. B. W. Hair describes his own treatment fully and gives directions for diet and hygiene while his medicine is being used. Put your name and address on the coupon and post it NOW. Your copy of Dr. Hair's book will come by return.

EST^D **Dr Hair's** 1876

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Stevenage, Herts,
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For some years I have had Asthma at frequent intervals, but last summer no one expected me to live. I was unable to move. A fortnight ago I sent for your Cure, and I cannot say how overjoyed I am to tell you my Asthma has almost disappeared. During the week I have walked miles. I feel it is almost too good to last and be true, because until I started your Cure I had given up trying to live. It did not seem worth while.

I feel most grateful and shall recommend it to all I come across.

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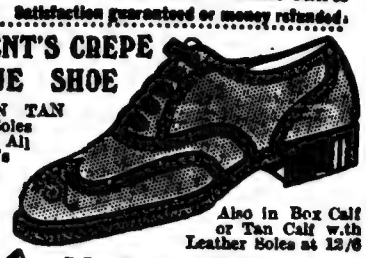
B.B. No. 27 GENT'S CREPE SOLE BROGUE SHOE

(as illustrated). IN TAN only, with Crepe Soles and leather heels. All sizes, 5's to 10's (11's and 12's 1/- extra). **12/6**



Also in Box Calf or Tan Calf with Leather Soles at 12/6

B.B. No. 28. GENT'S CREPE SOLE OXFORD or GIBSON SHOE

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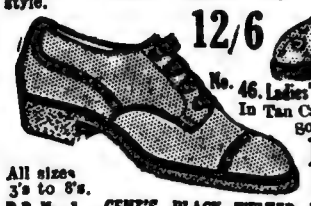
Also in Box, Tan or Glace Kid, with Leather Soles at 12/6

B.B. No. 49. LADIES' CREPE SOLE BROGUE SHOE

In Tan Calf or Box Calf, Crepe Soles and Leather Heels. Also in 1-bar style. **12/6**

All sizes 3's to 8's.



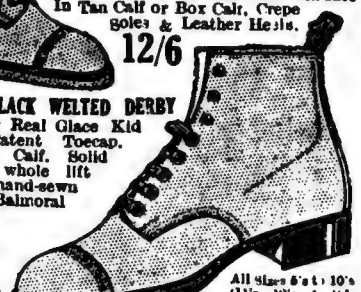
All sizes 3's to 8's.

No. 46. Ladies' Crepe Sole Oxford or Gibson Shoe

In Tan Calf or Box Calf, Crepe Soles & Leather Heels. **12/6**

B.B. No. 1. GENT'S BLACK WELTED DERBY

In Real Box Calf or Real Glace Kid with or without Patent Toecap. Also in Real Tan Calf. Solid leather butt soles, whole lift heels. Made on the hand-sewn principle. Also in Balmoral Style **12/6**



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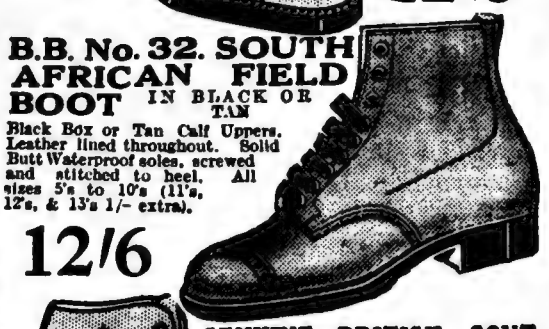

B.B. No. 32. SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOT IN BLACK OR TAN

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Words Winged to Women

IN the words of Dame Millicent Fawcett, who all her life has laboured on behalf of women, "It is a shameful anomaly in the Constitution that a girl of twelve can marry while a woman cannot get a vote until she is thirty"

BRIDES OF TRAGEDY

by MABEL HORNER

IF human tragedy could always be seen in the mass, there would be no doubt about the result. Horror would be aroused, then pity. And there would be bound to follow that strong human sympathy with suffering from which all great reforms are born.

But when tragedy drifts silently by, or is hidden under cloaks of decency, the law that sets the door wide open for more to follow is difficult to shut. That is why the marriage law has not kept pace with all the new Acts passed on behalf of the child.

Marriage in itself is a very decent cloak; it often hides tragedy. But it never hides an uglier misery than when it is used to trick and dupe a child into a contract of marriage it cannot fulfil and does not understand.

The police courts give us any amount of evidence. No more pathetic figure ever crosses the stage of that great theatre of broken hopes than the deluded, disillusioned child-woman, who has been made wife and turned into a mother while happier children are at school.

Fourteen is the school-leaving age, and there are many indications that it may shortly be raised. The country is awake to the fact that a child of fourteen is unformed in body and mind.

The better way

We want competent citizens, young men and women coming from our schools who are capable of independence and self-supporting. We know that training for such men and women must be carried on well into adolescence.

We have accepted the principle that it is sound finance and better economy to spend money on a child's education than in sending it to reformatories and keeping it in prison later on. These ideas are already being incorporated in the law. But when it is a question of marriage every one of these ideals goes by the board.

In a case of bigamy at Trealaw just recently the husband of the accused girl was able to state, "She was thirteen and a half years old when I married her, and about to become a mother."

The law which still restricts the teaching of sex hygiene in the schools made legal that marriage. The Church, which never, until it is too late, teaches children what marriage really implies, blessed it and made it "holy." Is it any wonder that such tragic unions end so often in the police-court?

A startling fact

Another case has just been settled at Newcastle Assizes. The girl charged with bigamy was only nineteen; but she had been legally married at fifteen. *The man had lived with her for one week.* He had never made her a home; he had never provided for her; he was "gone." It was a clear case of a bad man sheltering an evil deed under the decent cloak of Church and law.

The counsel for the prosecution admitted it. The police gave the poor child a good character. And Mr. Justice Wright, expressing anxiety to treat her leniently, merely bound her over.

It is already stated that the Government intend to introduce legislation raising the legal age of marriage. It cannot be done too soon. For the startling truth is that, so far as actual legal enactments are concerned, it is extremely doubtful if we really have a legal age at all!

In English law, marriage is "the voluntary union for life of one man with one woman to the exclusion of all others," and it makes certain stipulations as to what shall constitute a valid marriage.

They are few and simple, but very vital. The parties are to be capable of marriage as regards age and mental capacity. Neither can marry while already married. Consent must be free.

Dame Millicent Fawcett, LL.D.

Persons closely related by kindred or affinity cannot marry.

But, apparently, children may—and do! That is what the law must cure. It has already laid down that in its eyes every one under the age of twenty-one is an infant, and regarded as of immature intellect and imperfect discretion.

The nearer vision

In ordinary circumstances they cannot make a valid will; they certainly cannot be sued for breach of promise. Therefore, to recognise the valid age for a boy to marry as fourteen and twelve for a girl is more than cruel. It becomes an illogical absurdity.

Our missionaries preach against child marriage in other countries where conditions are different and maturity is earlier. It would prevent a great many tragedies if a similar campaign was waged in this.

Lop-sided Freedom

by FLORENCE A. UNDERWOOD (*Secretary, Women's Freedom League*)

THE other Saturday afternoon a procession of women, nearly a mile long, carrying banners and pennons, marched through the streets of London from the Embankment to Hyde Park in order to demand votes for the women who cannot get a vote under our present franchise laws.

Suffrage veterans like Dame Millicent Fawcett, Mrs. Despard, Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, and Mrs. Pankhurst left their comfortable homes to tramp in the broiling sun through London streets, together with thousands of other women, many of whom had travelled from Scotland, Wales and remote parts of England.

From fifteen platforms in Hyde Park it was explained that while practically any man over the age of twenty-one can vote for a Parliamentary candidate, no woman under thirty years of age can do so, and that women over thirty can only vote if they have a husband or own the furniture of the room in which they live.

IS this just? Why should a woman between the age of twenty-one and thirty be considered good enough to become the mother of children, to bring them up, to run a house, to cook, to sew, to wash and scrub, yet not good enough to vote?

If she neglects her children, or comes into conflict with the law in any way, she is not excused from the penalty because she is a woman. Why, then, should not a mother, equally with a father, have some voice in the making of our laws?

Then there are the unmarried women who have to work for their living. They have all the responsibility of citizens, but they cannot vote until they have reached the ripe age of thirty.

Yet these women must pay the full National Insurance tax from the age of eighteen, all indirect taxes on tea, sugar, beer and cigarettes, as well as direct taxes if they are fortunate enough to earn a salary on which income-tax is paid.

THE case of domestic servants is even worse. Politicians have frequently told us that domestic service is a high calling and they are never tired of urging women to take it up as a means of livelihood. Yet no domestic servant can vote.

Because she lives in the same house as her mistress and cannot prove that she rents an unfurnished room and owns its furniture, she is by law deprived of a vote, whatever her age may be.

Unmarried women over thirty, if they live in furnished rooms, or with their parents, cannot claim a vote.

If they were men they could get a vote on a short residential qualification, but, being women, they must prove that they own the furniture in a room and have complete control over it before they can claim a vote.

This difference between the voting age and voting qualifications of men and women, which accounts for the votelessness of nearly five millions of women over the age of twenty-one, appeared very absurd to the crowds in Hyde Park, who passed with acclamation a resolution demanding that women, like men, should have a vote at twenty-one, and, also like men, on a short residential qualification.

This resolution was sent to the Prime Minister, and, no doubt, was politely acknowledged. Will anything further be done by the Government? If not, what will women do? Some of them are getting very angry at being so frequently slighted by this Government.

WILL there be a return to militancy? It is well known that not every woman's society has repudiated militancy. Will the women's organisations in general carry through an intensive and militant campaign at the next General Election if this elementary piece of justice is denied to them?

In any case, the Government would be wise to take the recent women's demonstration as the beginning of a progressive on the part of women for equal political rights with men.

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Look about you and see how useful £100 would be to other children just about to begin life in real earnest.

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Bring me the Bottle of

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9d. per bottle

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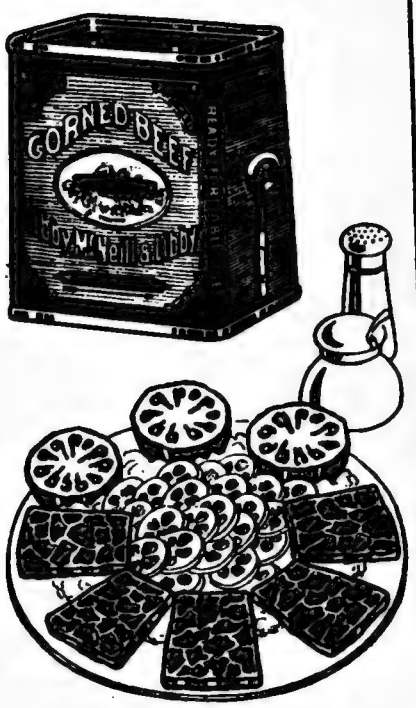

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Human Documents

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

A Girl's Gethsemane

A Debtor's Dilemma—Foolish Belief—Marrying a Felon

"I HAVE a girl friend who was still in her 'teens when she made the acquaintance of a young man, also in his minority. Upon attaining the age of twenty-one this young man would have become entitled, along with his brother, to a considerable sum of money, under the will of a relative.

"The friendship ripened into love, and the young man announced his intention to marry as soon as he came of age.

"The courtship was frowned upon by his people and especially by his step-mother. He had decided to marry the girl in spite of opposition as soon as he should be free from the necessity of obtaining parental consent.

"Alas, their project was brought to naught by a terrible tragedy. While returning home from a drive, in turning a sharp corner, the car dashed into a wall.

"The girl was only badly shaken, but the young man was picked up unconscious and carried to the nearest hospital. The following day he recovered consciousness just long enough to breathe her name before he died.

"The girl, with broken heart and shattered nerves, was not even asked to go to her lover's funeral; in fact, she had to travel by herself in order to attend it.

"Were this all the story it would be sad enough, but the poor girl became a mother six months after her fiancé died.

"In her distress she appealed for assistance to his relatives in vain. His brother, from whom she expected special consideration, seeing that he had inherited the young man's share of their mother's legacy in addition to his own, curtly replied that his brother's troubles were not his affair.

"What can this poor girl do? Can she claim anything of the estate to which her prospective husband would have become entitled had he lived? She has given the child its father's name and is now working hard to provide for it.

"It is a terrible fate for a young girl and one would wish to help her with more than soothing platitudes."

"HUMANIST" says: *I am afraid the girl has no legal claim against the brother of the man she hoped to marry. I venture to hope, however, that her own relatives will not refuse to help her in her distress. They should be approached and reminded that, if she became chargeable to the rates, the guardians would no doubt call upon them to contribute to her support.*

* * *

"WHAT would you advise in the following circumstances? A man of fifty, married, was absolutely ruined financially by the war, and had to restart life after serving King and country in France. He secured a post in keen competition and still holds it by the exercise of superior ability and unfailing diligence in his duties.

Honour and Suicide

"His salary is just sufficient to enable him to pay his way and leaves no margin for luxuries or for the liquidation of debts contracted long ago.

"This load of debts, amounting to several hundreds of pounds, is the bugbear of the poor man's life, causing him sleepless nights and days of worry.

"During the course of next week he has to meet without fail certain liabilities amounting to about £50, and though he has striven hard to save sufficient from his earnings to discharge the obligation, he has been able to raise less than £20.

"He is seriously contemplating suicide as the only honourable way out of his difficulty. He has no fear of death, but he feels terribly worried over his wife and the creditors who have been very long suffering.

"He is a man of honour and principle and these financial troubles have quite worn him out so that oblivion would come to him as a great relief.

"What would you advise him to do?"

"HUMANIST" says: *As a man of honour and principle, he should realise that suicide is not only a cowardly but a selfish solution of his difficulties. Even if he obtained, by the means he proposes, the oblivion and relief from worry which he hopes for, he would leave his widow in a condition of distress even worse than his own. He should face his creditors frankly and offer them what he has.*

* * *

"I AM not naturally superstitious but I cannot help wondering whether the series of terrible misfortunes which have lately fallen upon me may not be traceable to my having in my possession a ring set with the proverbially unlucky opal.

Silly Superstition

"Up till two years ago my husband and I had a comfortable home and were happy to be able to entertain numerous friends. My husband was earning sufficient money for us to be able to keep a good table and to provide us with our full share of amusement.

"Since this ring came into my possession, however, everything seems to have gone wrong.

"My husband lost his position and we had to sell most of our furniture and move from our comfortable house into a single-roomed tenement.

"After I have paid rent and so on, there is scarcely sufficient money coming in to provide us with food, let alone entertain others, and all the people who used to crowd about us in our days of prosperity have deserted us.

"Even relations whom we were glad to help when we had the means have failed us in our misfortune.

"I have parted with other jewellery, but, for sentimental reasons, I do not like to think of parting with this opal ring, though my husband declares that he believes it is the cause of all our trouble."

"HUMANIST" says: *Superstition regarding opals being unlucky was always silly, and it is now quite exploded, for such gems are again becoming fashionable. I do not think there is any connection between your possession of the stone and the misfortunes which have befallen you, but, in any case, you should sell it and thus relieve yourself of some of your burdens.*

Pawned Wedding Rings

MANY poor women have no jewels they can sell, and have been forced to pawn even their wedding rings to buy food for themselves and their little ones. You can help such cases of extreme distress by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 38.)

"I MARRIED a young widow with one child, whose husband had been killed at his work. Compensation to the amount of £300 was awarded and was paid out at the rate of £1 a week for the support of the widow and orphan, the payments being reduced to 6s. a week for the maintenance of the child on the re-marriage of the widow.

A Child's Inheritance

"We are at present living in unfurnished rooms, and I think it would be to our advantage if I could build a house. "Unfortunately, however, I lack the money (about £70) which would be necessary as an initial deposit.

"Now a great affection has grown up with my step-child, whom I have come to regard as my own, and her future welfare I have close at heart.

"I cannot help feeling that the compensation money could be put to better use than the payment of a small weekly sum, and I have wondered whether I should not be justified in asking for the balance remaining to be paid out in a lump sum for the purpose of building a house which could be put into her name.

"Please tell me if you think it would be right for me to do this, and how I could set about it?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It might be an advantage for the child's inheritance to be converted into landed property, and I do not think your suggestion is altogether a selfish one. I cannot, however, say what view the judge will take, and you must apply to the county court which administers the compensation.*

* * *

Unregistered

"Requiring my birth certificate recently for the purposes of emigration, I was astonished to find that my father had neglected to register my birth for fear lest he should be compelled to have me vaccinated. Is there any means whereby I can be registered now?"

"Humanist" says: *It was very indiscreet, to say the least, for your father to neglect to register you for such a reason. You should communicate with the Registrar-General at Somerset House, without whose authority no birth can be registered after the expiration of twelve months.*

Marrying to Reform

"I am deeply attached to a young man whom I had hoped to marry and I am about to become a mother. To my horror he has been arrested and sent to prison for a theft which he committed before I met him and I find it was not his first offence. My family urge me to forget him, but my heart bids me stand by him and try to reform him."

"Humanist" says: *To marry a man with the idea of reforming him is always a risky proceeding. But, in order that your child may not be fatherless, the experiment would be worth attempting.*

Dirt and Disease

"Since my father died a few years ago my mother has become neglectful of herself, and has been turned away by several relations owing to her lack of personal cleanliness. Finally, she came to me, but she allows herself to get into such a filthy condition that I fear she may contract some terrible disease."

"Humanist" says: *You should consult a doctor or the relieving officer with the view of having your mother placed in a suitable institution if necessary.*

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1. Instantly produces a rich, creamy water-laden lather, 22½ times the weight of the cream used.
2. Holds its moisture for ten minutes on the face. Compare with "airy" lathers that quickly dry.
3. Every hair is saturated, softened, and held upright for the razor. Shaving is the easiest, swiftest thing imaginable.
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6. The large wheel cap acts as a stand when inverted; is too large to mislay.

We could say more—but, try it and see.

Note the large wheel cap acts as a stand when inverted

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If you insist on a Shaving Stick get this same soothing contentment from Gibbs Cold Cream Shaving Soap in the patent thumb-push holder—the first and best holder of them all. In Nickel Holder Case 1/3. Refills 1/-.

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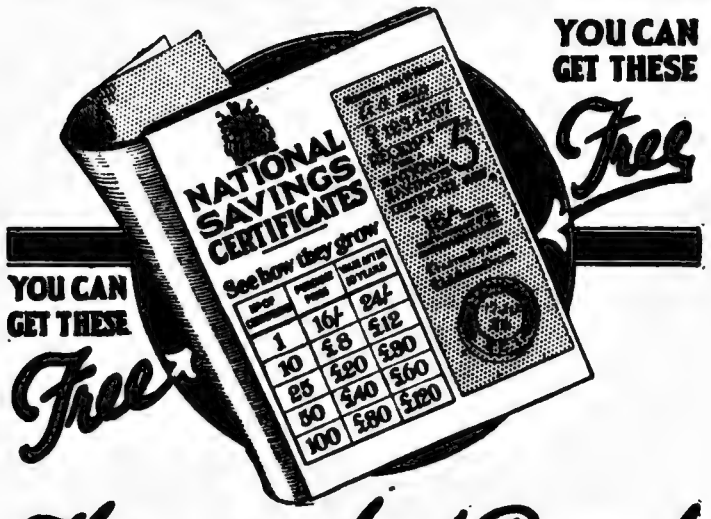

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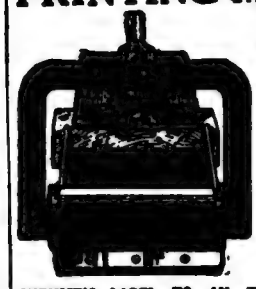

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Mr. H. DENT, of Whitley Bay, writes: *"Some two years ago I tried and afterwards purchased a pair of your 'Pneumette' Foot Comforts, and may say that I have never since suffered through foot trouble, in fact, they (the 'Pneumettes') are all you claim them to be."*

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Ten years ago my feet started to pain me, my shoes seemed too tight, and all the joints were swollen. I suffered badly from cramp at night and felt convinced I had contracted Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago all together.

I had all the symptoms of Uric Acid, and my medical man treated me accordingly. As I seemed to get worse instead of better, I made a study of my own case, and at length traced the cause of my aches and pains.

The truth was that I had gradually developed Foot Trouble. You couldn't notice it when I walked, but I could feel that the bony arches of my feet were slowly but surely collapsing. Of course, I tried the various "supports" and "foot easers" I could find. But they were all heavy and hard to the foot, and added to the burden of walking. They were rigid and uncomfortable and gradually went flat too. I thought what is wanted is a soft, pliable support in the right place, a light, invisible-when-worn contrivance that is always comfortable—in short—

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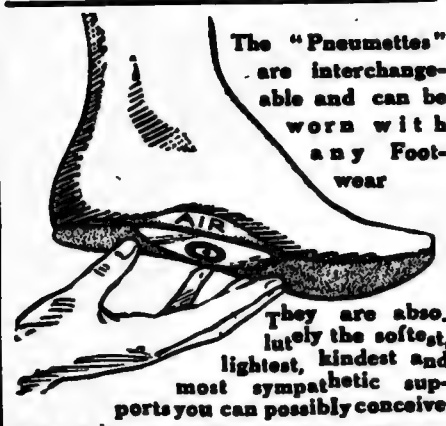

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Our Letter Parliament

The Devil on Wings

The Cause of Unrest—Brutal Silence—Pension Ramping

"THE Devil's Deluge," by Lieut.-Col. P. T. Etherton, will make people's flesh creep. The present generation, however, has learned its lesson on the futility of wars, which has brought the industrial world practically to a standstill, and the only reward the "human sacrifices" on Flanders battlefields have handed to us are vacant chairs and broken hearts, unemployment and semi-starvation, slumlands and squalor, disease and death. The war-mongers will have to be cleared out. International friendship and brotherhood must take their place.—*R. C., South Shields.*

A Burning Desire

Descriptions of possible future wars are of no use to anyone. All who were concerned in the last war were left with a desire for a lasting peace, and to that end all classes are working. The recent march of the nation's women bears sufficient testimony to the fact, and their forewords, "Arbitration before War," are words everybody would do well to take up.—*F. Rowley, Staffs.*

The Warrior's Resolve

As one who has experienced warfare, in reading your leader, "Never Again!" I have resolved that as far as I am concerned it will be never again. And so it may be with all of such experience. But what of our rising generation? We must instil into our future generation the horrors, destructiveness and desolation of warfare; above all, a spirit of co-operation and brotherhood, whereby all, no matter of what nationality, can serve with one aim, "Each for all and all for each."—*H. R. Smith, Birmingham.*

International Criminals

Every sane, decent man and woman believes in peace rather than in war. The present policies of Governments make the possibility of war only too real. Increased armaments tend to increase the power for mischief of diplomatists, politicians, financiers, etc. It needs one of the "big" nations to take the lead in proposing simultaneous world disarmament. Why not England? Any country refusing to agree would stamp itself as an international criminal. Let every lover of peace refuse to vote for any Parliamentary candidate who will not give a definite pledge to support world disarmament.—*R. C. P., Kent.*

"John Bull" Wrong!

Colonel P. T. Etherton shows the devilish horror warfare holds in store. The leading article, "Never Again!" declares that the brotherhood of man should inform the various Governments to do the fighting themselves. Mr. A. G. Gardiner states that "the preaching of the brotherhood of man is a sham," and proves that nations must expand—by trespassing upon other nation's property. Colonel Etherton and Mr. Gardiner are correct, and, in this case, JOHN BULL is incorrect. Our country, our finances and our womenfolk demand protection. Facts prove that an air force, strong and up-to-date, is our only hope of future peace.—*E. A. Ferguson, Liverpool.*

[Our reader has missed the point of all three articles. The birth-rate problem could be solved by all countries giving the people access to the land.—Ed.]

Maudlin Patriotism

Lieut.-Col. P. T. Etherton's effusion is closely akin to the maudlin "patriotism" of fogeys. When he says, "We should see that the enemy receives something in effect far worse than his attack upon us," he indulges in harmful bombast. If he writes articles against war he will earn the gratitude and support of millions. —*J. C., Hamilton.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Down Swords

While agreeing that to be forewarned is to be forearmed, surely all the channels are not exhausted to find a better and more humane way to ward off war than that it must be left to wholesale slaughter to settle international differences. The only effective remedy is a direct refusal to fight from the people of each nation.—*Harry Clinton, Warminster.*

No Next War!

Permit one who served on three fronts in the Great War as a private in the trenches to submit his testimony. In the last war we had to encounter poison gas, tear gas, liquid fire and all the devices of the devil. If the future generation is wise it will shout out in one voice, "No More War!" We who have gone through it all know what we had to face, but the next war will be more terrible than ever.—*G. G., Burnley.*

"Tommy" Knows

By far the majority of ex-Service men will agree with your leading article entitled "Never Again!" and dissent with Lieut.-Col. P. T. Etherton, who suggests that readiness for war is the only remedy against rival nations. All honour and strength to your fight against war. The war-mongers will disagree with you, but every "Tommy" who knows the truth about the whole mad business is with you wholeheartedly.—*A War Widow, Sunderland.*

Misused Talents

If Lieut.-Colonel Etherton and the thousands like him who talk of war as inevitable would turn their talents to the cause of peace, the world would be free of its haunting nightmare. We cannot be frightened, like naughty children, into good behaviour by tales of future horrors. Only by educating the people into a real will for peace can peace be secured. The keynote of national policy is not, as your contributor says, giving the enemy more than he gave, but rather in seeing to it that we don't have an enemy.—*T. C. D., Rothwell.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"CORNISH TIMES":—"The bride wore a veil of embroidered net and orange blossoms, and CARRIED a charming ivory satin DRESS."

"CARMARTHEN JOURNAL":—"Mr. —— left his overcoat hanging on the kitchen FLOOR."

"SCHOOLGIRLS' WEEKLY":—"Rita sprang quickly to her KNEES."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"Mme. Melba held the great audience spellbound with this last GLIMPSE of her matchless VOICE."

"SOUTH WALES EVENING ARGUS":—"The Crown PRINCE of Sweden, better remembered in England as LADY Louis Mountbatten, has been visiting New York."

"BRADFORD DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"Each player has exceeded the allotted span of SIX SCORE years and ten so far as age is concerned, but there is no limit to their pretensions."

Nothing Like Leather

Having all footwear stamped is no way out of the shoddy footwear scandal. I have repaired boots stamped "Warranted All Leather," which were no better (and in many cases much worse) than cardboard and paper. There are too many grades of leather. Quality and grade should be stated with each pair of boots.—*J. D. G., Garston.*

Britain's Disgrace

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's article, "The Pampered Ape," is wonderfully outspoken, and clearly demonstrates the main cause of the unrest which prevails in Great Britain to-day. We can hardly expect slum-dwellers to feel any sense of pride in their country when we condemn them to live under conditions that are a disgrace to a civilised nation.—*Reginald Mynett, London.*

What "John Bull" Does

What a calm, true, dependable observer of "ought" and "must" JOHN BULL is. It speaks not for one class or another; it is the expression of the essence of democracy. No wonder that wherever one goes, the ideas in JOHN BULL are quoted. No wonder that the wrongdoer dreads your opinion; policeman and prisons are not dreaded half as much. Yet you do not condemn; you just tell the truth.—*Janet Sutton, Portsmouth.*

The Root Evil

With what astonishing timidity do the newspapers generally hint at the wrong of the royalties and unearned wealth in connection with the mines. Many of them do not even mention it at all, and appear to assume that only miners' wages and hours are the supreme concern. How brutally silent, too, are the advocates of the longer day, in view of the fact that the extra hour has been condemned medically.—*G. H. B., Norfolk.*

A Fund to Support

What a pity it is that your "Greatest of These—" Fund is not better supported than it is. The few cases you have given as examples of those relieved prove how urgent is the need for such a fund, so wisely administered. The fact, too, that there is absolutely no deduction from contributions for cost of administration is an additional incentive to support. May the fund go on prospering and with far more power!—*W. M. S., Hornsey.*

What We Eat

Clean and wholesome food is essential to public health, and meat porters are required to wear white coats while handling the meat. Of what use is this precaution if the meat has already been contaminated in the ship's hold? It is a fairly common sight to see a rat's nest with a litter of young in it pulled from the inside of a sheep's carcass on the quayside in the docks. Is the sheep condemned? By no means. The public gets it and pays tip-top prices for it, too.—*C. Chapman, London, E.*

Pension Pranks

The case you quoted in JOHN BULL of June 19 has a personal appeal. The writer has had a sample of the House of Lords Appeal Tribunal's humour. Dardanelles dysentery, Maltese typhoid, France's pneumonia, and Germany's treatment while a prisoner-of-war proved totally insufficient for a pension. The tribunal admitted "aggravation," but it ceased (according to their official note received later) on leaving their presence. "You're quite all right! You're quite all right! You're well!" A pure case of Coue-ism!—*Ex-Rifleman, Norwich.*

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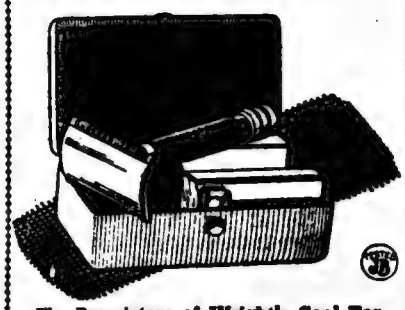

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When you have collected 36 outside wrappers and 12 flaps from the boxes, send them, together with your name and address (clearly written), addressed to Razor Sets, Dept. 35, Wright, Layman & Umney, Ltd., Southwark, S.E. 1.

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Radio Notes

CARRY YOUR RADIO!

Portable Wireless Sets

by **W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW**

AN enthusiastic listener-in almost from the beginning of broadcasting, an owner of a modest crystal set, thinking of getting a more elaborate three- or four-valve receiver, was almost astounded when I pointed out to him recently that he could do away with the aerial and earth as ordinarily understood.

My friend's surprise was even greater when he heard one of those portable sets which are so handy in the country on a Sunday afternoon, or on the sands.

Since his little crystal set was first fitted up, it has given my friend excellent service, and he has not troubled to take much notice of new developments in radio. Hence his surprise on being introduced to the portable set.

This friend of mine is not interested in the technicalities of wireless. He is simply one of thousands who want to hear just what they fancy on the programmes, without bothering about "amperes," "wave-metres," "inductances" and the hundred-and-one technical details which go to make a wireless set.

The portable set appeals particularly to this type of listener.

ITS characteristic advantage over the ordinary wireless set is that it can be taken to any room where it may be required at the moment, it can be taken on the sands, in the car, out in the fields, or on the river—in short, it can be taken anywhere.

Whether you have a portable or a fixed set, you cannot hear your favourite items just *when* you choose—you are obliged to take the programmes as arranged—but with a portable set you can hear them *where* you choose.

The portable set is self-contained and requires no external connections or installation work. It looks simple and is simple. In many cases the control is solely confined to only one, or at the most two, knobs.

After a hard day's work it is a little trying if one's receiver is fixed in the sitting-room to have to delay turning-in to avoid missing one's favourite item.

With a portable set this problem ceases to exist, for one simply carries the set to the bedroom.

AS far as reception goes, a portable set will be found quite as satisfactory as the majority of ordinary sets, and is considerably more convenient.

It does not comprise an ordinary set, such as many suppose, tucked away in an attaché-case and giving an inferior reception.

A seven-valve portable will receive all stations between the 250 and 2,000 metre wave-lengths.

A five-valve set gives ample reception within forty or fifty miles of any main B.B.C. station or within 300 to 400 miles of Daventry. With four valves any B.B.C. station within twenty or thirty miles can be heard with ample volume, or Daventry up to 100 to 200 miles.

Increased range and selectivity can be obtained by using these portable sets in conjunction with an ordinary aerial and earth.

Such is the attention given to portable sets that a recent trade exhibition was devoted entirely to them.

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Two new dull emitter valves for use with 4-volt accumulator.

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Owing to the Bargain Sales announcement of Messrs. Curzon Bros. on pages 4 & 5, the Mail Order Market has been transferred to page 6. You should look through them.

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"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

An Outsider for Goodwood

The Best Bet for the Eclipse—Glorious Goodwood—Why I Fancy Sweet Rocket—Turf Statistics—Lord Derby Leads—The Acrobat

THE two horses I mentioned in my notes last week for the Eclipse Stakes were Coronach and Ptolemy II., and I decided in favour of Lord Woolavington's champion.

Ptolemy's Price will be Tempting

I am rather sorry I was so premature as the Derby winner looks as if he will be so hot in the betting that he will not be of much use to the small backer. On the other hand, Ptolemy should be in the neighbourhood of sixes or eights, and I know the Frenchmen are sanguine about his chance.

Worth an Each-way Saver

Captain Cohn has never been able to explain away Ptolemy's failure at Epsom on his only visit to these shores, but he has always maintained that the son of Teddy is a great horse and would one day prove it. He will have another chance to redeem his character on Friday, and I advise JOHN BULL readers if they back the favourite to have an each-way saver on the Frenchman.

Glorious Goodwood

Goodwood, with all its glories, is the tit-bit of this month's racing. The only event with ante-post betting is the Stewards' Cup, and already the long-shot fiends are after my blood for a likely outsider. Until the weights appear every horse in the race is a hopeless outsider. Once you have the tabulated list in front of you it is still like looking for a needle in half a dozen haystacks, but, as the American said, "I aim to please." My tip for the long-shot fiends is Sweet Rocket.

33 to 1

Sweet Rocket carried 7 st. 4 lb. into fifth place in the Hunt Cup after swerving badly. Two days later she carried 7 st. 4 lb. into fifth place in the Wokingham. On both occasions she ran very well. The daughter of Rock Flint has not won a race this season, so she is not likely to be burdened with more than her Wokingham weight. She is trained by Pickering, who won the race last year with Defiance, and is on offer at 33 to 1.

Sam Pickering, the owner-trainer of Sweet Rocket

Highborn Hopes

A horse I mentioned some while ago in connection with the Goodwood gamble was Highborn II. Some doubt has been expressed as to whether he is equal to the six furlongs of the Stewards' Cup. The answer is emphatically "Yes." He ran very well for seven furlongs in the French Two Thousand, only beginning to slow down in the last furlong. The distance will not beat him at Goodwood, but all the same it would be foolish to play the bookmakers' game by taking the odds now offered against the colt who may get a prohibitive weight.

Turf Statistics

At the moment of writing Lord Derby is at the head of the winning owners with just over £20,000 stake money to his credit. His horses have won fourteen races. Lord Astor is second on the list. He has only captured five events, but they have been good ones, and his prize-money is £16,000. Stanley Wootton is number ten in the table with just over £4,000, but he is well ahead when it comes to the number of races won. As an owner he has annexed twenty-one events. Lord Derby is the only other owner who can boast double figures. As usual, Alec Taylor, Manton, leads the trainers. Sixteen races have credited him with £29,500.

Following the Black and White

With another Liverpool meeting in the offing, Lord Derby should increase his lead. "Follow the Black and White" at Liverpool has been the punter's motto for donkey's years, and sometimes it has proved very remunerative. It needs a book-keeper to keep account of Lord Derby's Liverpool cups, but according to my reckoning he has now seven of the trophies. In next week's big race he nominated four horses, the disappointing Conquistador, Helter Skelter, Schiavoni and Rainbow Bridge. The latter is the only acceptance. Lambton, of course, trains, but he is also responsible for the bottom-weight, Genero, who is owned by Mrs. Arthur James.

Genero Well In

I think "Lambton's Best" will win the race, and I shall not be surprised if Genero proves to be the pea. So far this season the three-year-old has been one of the unlucky brigade. With ordinary luck he would have captured the London Cup at A. P., but Weston was badly baulked in running. I will give my final selection for the race in the code.

How Do You Bet?

Two or three times this season in sending out code selections for the big races I have made a point of specifying each way. More often than not results have shown a small profit instead of a loss, but I have received a number of letters from readers who are dead against each-way wagers. They argue that one-fourth the odds for a place are not mathematically fair and that a full stake on two horses is a better method of staking. Personally, I am in favour of win and place wagering provided hot favourites are not included, but I am quite prepared to publish any good staking systems which are sent along.

Apelle is Coming

Apelle, whose wonderful running in the Grand Prix de Paris has been commented on here, is staying in France for the present, but later comes to England. Mr. Richard McCreery has purchased the three-year-old for 15,000 guineas. It is incorrect to describe the horse as Italian. He belonged to an Italian sportsman, but he is French bred, his sire being that great horse, Sardanapale, who won all races open to him in his year, and would probably have put up a great record had he not been forced to retire when the Great War stopped racing in France.

The Acrobat

Billy Higgs has Acrobatic very fit just now and his engagements should be noted. The half-brother to Dinkie has been on my waiting list ever since I saw him run at Newbury and Ascot as I am certain he will pop up at a nice price. The three-year-old ran as the Rosendaal colt last season, and I do not think Higgs named him until after he performed an acrobatic feat in his stable. The popular ex-jockey owner-trainer fixed him up with a couple of rugs, fastened with buckles, and muzzled him. The horse performed a Houdini stunt, freed himself, and demolished the rugs.

The Limit in Names

Acrobatic is quite all right, but I have a bone to pick with Mr. Walter Griggs for naming one of his two-year-olds Ucemehopit. At Worcester it finished nearer last than first. Another beast travelling under a terrible handicap is Oh Lummy, trained by F. Leader. Surely owners and trainers can do better than this?

The French Classics

Having gone into the matter again the French authorities have now decided that there is no urgency regarding the suggested opening of Classic races to foreign horses. It is well-known that the existing rule is not so severe as the average follower of racing over here thinks, because the rule merely requires that all horses entered should be born on French soil, and as a matter of fact there have been cases of foreign mares in foal being shipped to France so that the expected foal might qualify for the Classic races. It would, for example, be easy for Lord Derby who owns in France to arrange that future foals should qualify for the French Derby. For the Grand Prix de Paris there is no ban of any kind.

"SILVER RING."

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK.

THE PILOT.—This son of Tracery is one of the few horses which I noted at Alexandra Park as certain to pick up a race in the near future. He was taking on a big job in endeavouring to give 13 lbs. to Italian Poet.

INSCRUTABLE.—Barling's useful sprinter was another to appeal to me. I coded the three-year-old to win the Newark Plate at Nottingham three days later, and he won just as easily as at A.P. He will score again.

ROYAL BATTLE.—There is a doubt about the breeding of this filly, but she can move. She is by Roi Herode or Battle-axe. I had a big last-minute tip for her to win the Holme Pierrepont Seller at Nottingham, but the coup just failed. She should be noted for a similar type of race.

MERCHANT'S FLAG.—At the third time of asking Lord Glanely's two-year-old won for the cede at Pontefract at 4 to 1. He is not brilliant considering he is the son of a 14,000 guineas horse, but he can be placed to win again.

BORJOM will not be on the 20 to 1 mark the next time he appears on a racecourse. The son of Black Jester will win races for Baron Baeyens.

BRIGHT BACHELOR.—Although this two-year-old shouldered 9 st. 10 lb. he was very unlucky to lose the Hurstbourne Stakes at Bibury to Habibi. He failed to get a clear run until too late.

RACING INFORMATION To be Useful MUST BE ACCURATE READ "THE SPORTING LIFE AND SPORTSMAN" 2d Daily 2d.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

R 2 A L B U J P D 3 I Q T W

H F M Y N Z O C X G V K S E

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the lines as the case may be.

YMBPW3MLW would read LANCEGAYE.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, July 14, to Tuesday, July 20.

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DAVID COPE,

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WIN AND PLACE.

SEND FOR BOOK OF RULES.

Your Winnings, if over £5, telegraphed at our expense.

ALWAYS:—The Celebrated "Cameron" Odds.

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Established May, 1920.

LIVERPOOL CUP
STEWARDS CUP
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CESAREWITCH
CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Send for list (a postcard will do) of Ante-Post Pools and last year's results in these races.

Example:

Cesarewitch & Cambridgeshire,

FORSETI & MASKED MARVEL

1860 to 1

You are always "Right" with the "Tote."

See results in daily Sporting Papers.

LIVERPOOL CUP
Third Pool closes July 21.

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Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St., (53HY) London. W.1.

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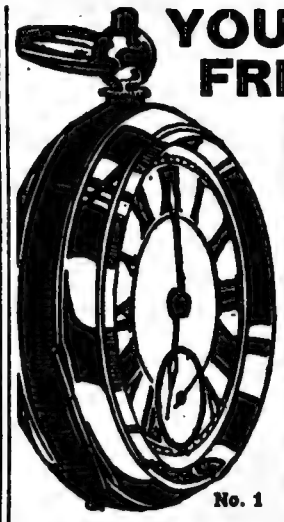
TRUE HAIR GROWER

YOUR CHOICE ON FREE APPROVAL



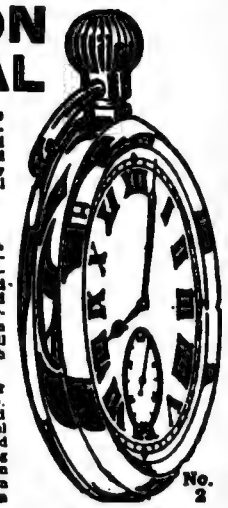
No. 1

Any article advertised will be sent to responsible readers on receipt of the Coupon below (or copy) on ABSOLUTELY FREE APPROVAL. After receipt you send us 2/- only, the balance is then payable by small monthly instalments within everyone's means. Only one article can be supplied on these truly wonderful terms, and we reserve the right to refuse any orders. Irish and Colonial orders cash only.

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION.

No. 1—Heavy Solid Silver English Hall-marked Case, MASSIVE CAPPED LEVER WATCH, double engine-turned back and cap over movement, 10-jewelled non-magnetic compensated Lever movement. Dead-accurate timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Pen-steel hands. Enamelled dial. Warranted 10 years. Sent upon Free Approval. Upon receipt send 2/- more; balance 4/- monthly until £3/- only is paid. 2/- in the £ discount cash with order (or balance within 7 days)

No. 2—Full-size Gent's high-grade fully-jewelled Lever Watch, Heavy English Hall-marked Solid Silver Case. Double-back case with handsome engine-turned design, superior lever movement, bold dial, pen steel hands and second hands (as illustrated). Warranted 10 years. Sent on Free approval. After receiving the watch, if satisfied, the balance is payable 2/- on receipt and 4/- monthly until £7/6 is paid. 2/- in the £1 discount, cash with order or balance within 7 days.)



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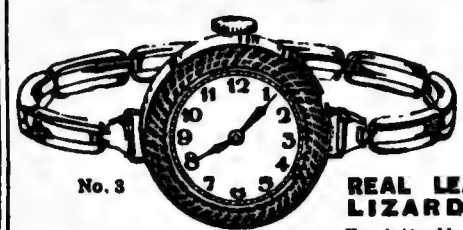

No. 3

Ladies' Fashionable Solid Silver English Hall-marked WRIST WATCHES, with beautifully enamelled front rim in various pretty designs. Latest West End style. Complete with expanding Bracelet as illustrated. Highest grade movement, splendid timekeeper, fully guaranteed. Sent on Free Approval. After receipt send 2/- and 2/- monthly until £3/6 only is paid. Discount 2/- in the £ cash with order (or within 7 days).

REAL LEATHER STAMPED LIZARD HAND BAG

Very fashionable, highly finished, Real Leather stamped Lizard Handbag, complete with bevelled mirror inside purse, and writing tablet with pencil. Latest West End design. Can be carried on any occasion. Finest quality and workmanship throughout. Sent on Free Approval. Deposit only 2/- on receipt, and 2/- per month until £1/- only is paid. 2/- in the £ discount cash with order (or within 7 days).

No. 4

COUPON (Cut out or Copy) To SIMPSON'S (Brighton), Ltd. (Dept. 1993) 94, Queen's Rd., BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

Dear Sirs, Please send me:—

(Article required).....

As advertised. If satisfied, I undertake to send 2/- on receipt and pay the monthly instalments in accordance with your terms, otherwise I will return the goods at once.

NAME (in full).....

ADDRESS (in full).....

HOUSEHOLDER (Yes or No).....Age 21 or over (Yes or No).....

Goods CANNOT be supplied to persons under 21 without a guarantee by a Householder.

Nerve Collapse

"Smiling" Billy Mason returns thanks for a really remarkable cure.

Mr. Billy Mason, writing from **4, Aubrey Road, Crouch End, London, N.8,** says:—"Some months ago I had a severe nervous breakdown. I seemed to have lost the last ounce of effective energy, and I could do nothing except with an effort. I am known professionally as 'Smiling' Billy Mason, and I had to keep that smile, but it wasn't easy. I was too weak for anything. I couldn't eat, and was just a bundle of nerves and weariness. Nothing I took did me any good, with the one splendid exception of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. When I got them everything changed, and now I am as fit again as the proverbial fiddle."

The Universal Home Remedy for

Wasting
Headache
Anæmia
Neuritis
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
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Nerve Pains
Palpitation
Kidney Weakness
Children's Weakness
Nervous Breakdown
Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3 Family Size, 3/-.
Sold only in sealed packages at all Chemists and Stores
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Black or Tan, Heavy or Light Soles.

A NEW BOOT THAT GIVES "DOUBLE SERVICE." Masters' new Boot which is soled with Eyrcrome waterproof leather, which wears twice as long as ordinary leather, and gives you double service. Masters' Ltd., offer these "Eyrcrome" Double-Service Soled Boots in Black or Tan. Price 25/-, on special easy terms which everybody can afford to pay—1/- now, 2/- on delivery, and 2/- monthly, and you have the boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Give these wonderful "Eyrcrome" Boots a trial. Send 1/- (P.O. or stamps) NOW. State occupation, and say what size we shall send you. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. Price List Post Free. Home and Colonial Orders Cash Only. Gent's Shoes, Black or Tan, 25/-. Same terms. Send 1/-, etc.

MASTERS Ltd., 83, HOPE STORES, RYE

ONLY 1/6 Before Delivery.

Here we illustrate the most popular Coat Frock yet designed. No other garment is more popular. Very neat design, and supplied on terms you can afford to pay. A very fashionably cut dress in All-Wool Gaberdine, 35/- or Rep 37/6 silk tie bow, fancy buttons and tie-belt; half-lined. The latest fashion Flared Skirt, and as good a Coat Frock as any lady could wish to wear. Price 35/-, on special easy terms—1/6 with order, 2/- on delivery, and 4/6 monthly, and you have the Coat Frock to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Send 1/6 now, and say which colour we shall send you: Navy, Tan, Fawn, or New Blue. MASTERS, Ltd., RYE.

JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

WHAT are you going to do about it? Pass your time in worry and anxiety, telling yourself all the while that you don't know which way to turn? Then you have only yourself to blame. Tell your troubles (enclosing stamped addressed envelope) to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service and you need worry no longer. Now you know what to do.

* * *

ALBERT T. (Tottenham).—"I completely lost my head." What a saving in shaving!

L. A. (Brixton).—"I am a plumber." Yes, we noticed your letter was dated 1925.

J. K. (Bagshot).—"Even beggars have wives." Which probably explains why they are beggars.

M. N. G. (Norwich).—"I don't know whether you follow me." We do. We don't. We always lead.

BERT (Edmonton).—"All the world loves a lover." Yes, with the exception of the Divorce Court judge.

G. W. (Leeds).—"I have just met a girl whose voice is like the music of a brook." It babbles on for ever?

M. D. (Crewe).—"I can assure you the railways get nothing out of their sandwiches." Neither do travellers.

C. H. (Richmond).—"I am sending you my long essay on evolution." Thanks, so much; we shall lose no time in reading it.

ROSIE (Ampthill).—"There's many a revue artiste forced to live on alms." Those we know depend for a living on legs.

MISS B. (Chislehurst).—"So-called old maids are the leading lights in most churches." And generally of fifty scandal power.

A. J. (Derby).—"British workmen are as dependable as well-wound clocks." But we hope they'll not begin to strike every hour.

J. J. (Hammersmith).—"I should never have kissed her but for that sudden emergency." You felt you must meet it face to face.

CECELIA (Brentford).—"It is humiliating to girls to lose their maiden name at marriage." Nevertheless, to do so is their maiden aim.

MRS. F. (Burnley).—"At our wedding she gave us a butter-dish and said it would do for marg." She gave it to you for butter or worse.

W. D. (Rochester).—"I confess I got a little elevated at a party to celebrate the birth of my ninth child." You had one over the eight it seems.

A. B. R. (Dorchester).—"Do you think first cousins ought to marry?" Certainly. But as a rule it's better for them not to marry one another.

GLADYS M. (Uxbridge).—"An enthusiastic girl cricketer who lives here might easily be taken for a boy." She ought to play for Middlesex.

R. G. L. (Peterborough).—"Why is it so difficult to spell right?" Because there are three other ways of spelling it—"rite," "write," and "wright."

M. B. I. (Liverpool).—"A young man should always be able to turn a bob into a sovereign to supply himself with bread." He can spend it on a telegram to touch dad for the dough.

H. K. (Twickenham).—"I must have been crazy to marry her." Yes, she says you were.

D. P. (Shiplake).—"The Australians are all out to win." They've more chance by staying in.

JENNIE (Brentford).—"My sister and I aren't on speaking terms." Dear, dear. What's his name?

J. H. (Uttoxeter).—"It's girls who egg men on to folly." Yes, they work pretty hard until the banns are out.

B. A. (Ely).—"Although my boy is only nine, he has broken his leg twice, fallen into a deep pond and been tossed by a bull." He should make a good referee.

"JUSTICE" (Ealing).—"I am all for hanging those who deserve it." Don't let us catch you hanging round here.

T. W. (Brighouse).—"I met my girl one night struggling on to a 'bus." So you helped her on and then got off.

C. W. (Bungay).—"I'm afraid my garden hedge is a disgrace to the neighbourhood." You must look to your laurels!

R. D. (Stevenage).—"I enclose a cheque as a small present." Although it now bears your initials we shall not frame it!

H. T. (Truro).—"Quakers at one time weren't above brewing good beer." It's a pity they were above handing down the recipe.

ALEX. K. (Herne Hill).—"I like walking with a shingled girl on my arm." Then you'll finish up with having one on your hands.

D. D. (Chelsea).—"I never paint a landscape without the figure of a child in it." You believe in getting a little character into all your work.

J. J. (Tamworth).—"History tells us that women painted in the Middle Ages." And observation tells us it's in the middle ages they paint most.

JESSIE (Gt. Ayton).—"Where would woman be without her finery?" Speaking modestly, dear Jessie, where could she be but in her bath?

J. W. (Ipswich).—"I am being goaded into constant irritability by the nagging of my wife." You are learning how to be snappy though married.

MRS. G. (Ingleton).—"The price of milk goes up in this district if there is a prolonged drought." Still, you do stand a chance of milk when water runs short

C. D. (Croydon).—"My wife's been preparing for our holiday ever since Christmas, and then she won't be ready." You can get ready yourself in ten minutes—by winning a Holiday Prize in *Bullets* £1,000 Offer.

Vicar (thanking all for success of garden-party): "... And as for dear Lady Blank, on my left! Well, I shouldn't like to tell you all that she has done!"

One of the 22 funny joke drawings in this week's issue of "The Passing Show," 36 pages for 2d.

E. S. (Blackburn).—"My wife and I quarrel about money." The eternal triangle!

G. S. (Putney).—"I got thoroughly tanned on my holiday." Perhaps you were a naughty boy.

L. B. B. (Chester).—"Men prefer blondes." Then brunettes will be dyeing to enjoy the fun of the fair.

MISS O. (Dorset).—"I have several dresses made of all-British silk." We are sure they suit you down to the knees.

MISS G. (Malham).—"I pride myself on keeping a perfectly clean mind." Free from even the germ of an idea.

MRS. C. (Liverpool).—"We've been married ten years and never had but one quarrel." Tut, tut. Is it still going on?

MRS. F. (Aylesbury).—"A pound doesn't go as far as it used to do." But it makes up for it by going a lot faster.

M. T. R. (Salisbury).—"Though burglars broke in our wedding presents weren't taken." Your luck was evidently out.

G. W. (Gatton Point).—"My wife wastes this rise in salary on millinery." Prosperity always does go to some women's heads.

MRS. S. (Corbridge).—"I've tried every way I know to prevent milk going to waste in hot weather." Have you ever tried drinking it?

G. H. (Eastbourne).—"The solicitor who acted for me when I bought this house was a fool." He is not the first ass who has drawn a conveyance.

F. K. (Lutterworth).—"I'm now feeling nervous at prospect of marriage." Whereas most men don't know what fear is until they marry.

B. L. B. (Eltham).—"My wife has just had a number of very handsome silver spoons left her." Now she'll be able to make a stir among her friends.

J. L. (Camden Town).—"It must annoy the Dutch having the ex-Kaiser and his family there." Yes, we should say they are "dammed" all round.

J. T. C. (Wood Green).—"My neighbour has been spreading false tales about me and now I want to meet him he is lying low." He is obviously a low liar.

H. C. (Bournemouth).—"I am an accomplished musician, and there are few instruments I cannot master." You certainly blow your own trumpet magnificently.

A. C. J. (Uplyme).—"Owing to shortage of water, they had to use barrels of beer to put out a fire at a local hotel." So there wasn't a shortage of water, after all.

F. P. (Golders Green).—"We are so close in comradeship that we share every heart beat." Evidently you both go the same way home in the same Tube train.

IVY (Bradford).—"Where can I get the nicest instruction in the art of short, bright fiction?" Listen in to the uncles reciting to-morrow's weather forecast.

J. W. (Povey Cross).—"Circumstances over which I have not the slightest control, prevent me marrying this girl." That's a very roundabout way to speak of your wife!

B. K. (Putney).—"Insurance companies are to blame for making a man think he can retire at fifty." And judges are to blame for making many men retire much earlier.

R. D. (Luton).—"Just as I began to read my new poem to a friend in the train, we plunged into a long tunnel." So for the moment he escaped one big bore by means of another.

D. S. (Fulham).—"Young men to-day think they are wonderful because they have learned to murder a little French and Latin." We thought the latter was already one of the dead languages?

K. S. R. (Enfield).—"The landlord has had a hideous wall-paper hung in our nursery, with a pattern showing a lot of mangy-looking little dogs." He might as well have treated the walls with distemper.

S. L. C. (Harrogate).—"A girl I much admire called me a clumsy elephant because I was unlucky enough to tread heavily on her foot at a dance." And you realised that she could be crushing, too.

D. L. (Croydon).—"There are a good many people who would rejoice in another war so that they could pile up wealth again." Yes, there were some whose fortunes expanded while they contracted.

ARTHUR M. (Woodford).—"Times have been hard and we have had a stiff fight, but my wife has helped me and has not grumbled at wearing shabby clothes." We are glad she has taken her share in the fray.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

"John Bull" Guarantee.

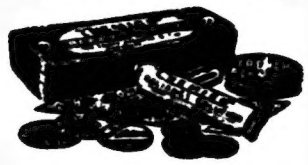
EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—JB. In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

THINNESS

For a little free advice on the cure of THINNESS, write to the E. M. Bureau of Health and Cure, (Dept. B.J.), 40-42, Chandos Street, London. W.C. 2. (Principal: Eustace Miles, M.A.—for many years recognised as the leading British authority on food and its relation to health. To save time, give details of your usual daily diet and any other information that will throw any light on your case. Enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.



YOU cannot realise what it means to mend a puncture in your tyre speedily and permanently until you have used a "CHEMICO" RELIANCE CYCLE REPAIR OUTFIT.

"CHEMICO"

8d. each **Reliance Cycle Repair Outfit.**

THE COUNTY CHEMICAL CO., LTD. CHEMICO WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

"A spot of PHOSFERINE always puts us right"

MR. FRANK GRAY, ex-Liberal M.P. for Oxford, who has just completed 3,000 miles across Africa, ***writes:—***

"I WILL tell you what I think about Phosferine. When we were in bad patches in Africa and were worn out, and had lost heart and faith, we said: "Let's have another spot of Phosferine." It always put us right, and we never picked up any of the familiar disorders and common diseases of the white man's grave." *(May 21st 1926.)*

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists. Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size *Aldwych*

Ride a "TERRY" for your health's sake

Doctors recommend a "TERRY" Saddle. It protects the delicate nerves of your spine against shock and strain and your body from soreness.

A "TERRY" means more enjoyable cycling. Some have done 100 miles a day without a trace of fatigue or saddle soreness—on a "TERRY." The finest piece of saddle comfort yet made.

Buy one at your agents. Satisfaction or money back. List Free.

Cycle Models: C.T.C., 11½ x 6ins. Large and Medium sizes for Lady and Gentleman, 25/-.

Motor-cycle models: 37/6, 45/6, 51/6.

Patented at Home and Abroad.

Terry

HERB RT TERRY & SONS, Ltd., Redditch, England.

Be a GOOD PIANIST

without constant "Practising"

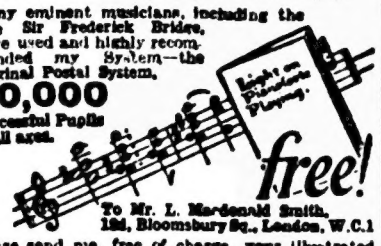
PRACTISING, intended to give facility and ease of expression, dulls the most musical sense, hardens the muscles, and takes all the life out of piano playing. My system approaches the problem from an entirely different and common-sense view-point. It does away with all need of constant practising, and yet requires no apparatus or specially written score. It is taught by post, but is in no way a set, stereotyped course, for every pupil receives my individual attention—and 20,000 successful pupils of all ages now testify to its simplicity and excellence. Whether for absolute beginners, moderate or advanced players, my system is the quickest and most certain way to complete mastery of the piano. Send to-day for full particulars. (See free book offer below.)

From Brain to Keyboard

Macdonald Smith's System of Pianoforte Playing.

Many eminent musicians, including the late Sir Frederick Bridge, have used and highly recommended my System—the Original Postal System.

20,000 Successful Pupils of all ages.



To Mr. L. Macdonald Smith, 124, Bloomsbury Sq., London, W.C.1

Please send me, free of charge, your illustrated book, "Light on Pianoforte Playing," with particulars of your Postal System of Pianoforte Playing.

Underline whether Beginner, Average or Advanced Player

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Unequalled for Comfort, Durability and Economy.

Ladies' 1/- pair.
Men's 1/6 pair.
Of all Boot

Phillips RUBBER HEELS

CARRIAGE PAID AND PACKED FREE ON APPROVAL

32,254 MILES ON AN ALBERT

AN AMAZING TESTIMONIAL

"I have ridden another 3,744 MILES on my 'Albert' Cycle (making a total of 32,254 MILES)," writes A. V. Green, Postman, Willen Cottage, Carisbrooke, I.O.W.

As supplied to the POLICE & POSTAL SERVICE for over 20 years. Specially constructed for reliability and regular service under the most exacting conditions. All steel frame and specially welded at joints to give double strength. Every part thoroughly tested and no extra charge for accessories. PACKED FREE & RENT CARRIAGE PAID ON APPROVAL. Price guaranteed. Why hesitate, when you can obtain the famous ALBERT now, on these great easy-rent terms? Write at once to manufrs. for Big Free Catalogue. Ladies' and Gent's Models.

YOURS FOR 7/- Monthly

YEWDALL'S 188 Cross Francis St., LEEDS

2/- NOW and THE BIKE IS YOURS

I OFFER to readers of "John Bull" first-class Coventry-built cycles at POUNDS BELOW last year's prices.

Absolutely **GENUINE REDUCTIONS** have been made in thousands of brand new, fully guaranteed 1926 Models, any of which I will send on **14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID,** on receipt of small deposit only.

Testimonials from everywhere in Great Britain. Satisfaction or money refunded. **MY FREE LISTS** will convince you, so write **NOW** for a copy and **CHOOSE YOUR CYCLE FROM THE LARGEST SELECTION IN THE WORLD.**

Edwd **O'Brien** Ltd

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DEP. 9 COVENTRY.

ACIDITY CAUSES STOMACH TROUBLES

Stomach pains and inability to retain food often mean nothing more than indigestion resulting from gas and excess acidity. Gas distends the stomach, causing that full, oppressive feeling, while the acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach. The whole trouble arises from the fermentation, which is not only unnatural, but most dangerous if not attended to. To prevent or stop fermentation and neutralise the acids, half a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia should be taken in a quarter of a glass of water immediately after eating or whenever pain or fullness is felt. 'Bisurated' Magnesia can be obtained from all chemists at 1s. 3d., and is also sold in tablet form at the same price, so it need cost you little to get rid of all acid-caused stomach troubles and to avoid them in future.

This Stylish Light-weight

Mackintosh

in proofed Artificial Silk

FOR

3/-

WITH ORDER

This Ladies' Artificial Silk Mac. is the smartest lightweight waterproof obtainable. The material has a beautiful shot silk effect, is light in weight, thoroughly waterproof, and ideally comfortable in wear.
Garment is made in single breasted Raglan style, with narrow belt all round, is proofed inside with pure rubber, all seams being strapped. Pockets are roomy and collar can be worn up or down. The price of 21/- is amazingly low, as elsewhere this splendid Mackintosh would cost 30/- or more. So confident am I of the simply wonderful value, that I will send you this Mac. on "home approval" for a deposit of 3/- only. Balance may be paid by weekly instalments, if you prefer.
Do not miss this astonishing bargain—send the Coupon now.

SIZES: (Lengths) 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches. Outsize (either length), 4/- extra.

MY PRICE 21/-

SHADES:
Bronze shot Green, Parma Violet
Shot Green, Rose shot Green, Opal shot Gold

COUPON For Home Approval with option of payment by instalments.

Please send me on approval Art. Silk Mackintosh No. SR1 at present bargain price of 21/-.

Length.....

Colour.....

I enclose 3/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 2/3 or more. If not satisfied, and I return the Mackintosh unworn at once, you will refund my deposit.
Enclose coupon with name and full address, and Postal Order crossed thus / /.
Post order to:—
JOHN BULL. 17/7/26. No. 709.

Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., 709, Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W. 1.

WOMEN WHO WEEP

Starvation for the Rising Generation

DURING the past week we have received many pitiful appeals for assistance from despairing housewives crushed by poverty, whose principal concern is for their little ones.

The wife of a farm labourer in the West of England tells us of her terrible struggle to feed nine children under fourteen on her husband's wage of 30s. a week.

She tells us that her man looks a wreck through lack of proper meals and that she fears he may soon no longer have sufficient strength to continue his work.

The distressed family live in an insanitary hovel, and the store of vegetables from the little plot on which it stands has long been exhausted. "As for meat," she says, "it would be a great luxury to us even for a Sunday dinner."

From another part of the country comes a woeful cry from the wife of an ex-Service man with seven children under fourteen. Her husband has no pension or unemployment benefit and is unable to obtain work at his trade.

For months now the family have had to exist on such earnings as he could obtain at odd jobs as a labourer. The rent, of course, is in arrears and we have independent testimony that the family is practically starving.

IN another case the mother of five children asks for help. Her husband is a disabled ex-Service man whose pension has ceased, and he has been unable to obtain regular employment.

The sole income are the earnings of a boy of fourteen who brings home about 1s. 6d. each night, obtained by selling newspapers.

In another case the wife of an ex-Service man with five children under fourteen is at her wits' end. Through a long spell of unemployment, the rent has got into arrears and the family are threatened with eviction and the prospect of the workhouse.

The husband's earnings at odd jobs barely suffice to keep the children in food.

Lastly, we may mention a mother of nine children, six of them under fourteen and the other three unemployed and ineligible for benefit. The father, an ex-Service man, has been unemployed for nearly eight months and the family's sole income is his "dole."

You can help to dry these women's tears and save the children from starvation by subscribing to "The Greatest of These—" Fund, which relieves distress without making any deduction whatever for the cost of administration.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

E. H. (Birmingham), 5s.; L. Upfold, 5s.; Anon., 1s.; "Two Toffee Sellers," 5s.; H. W. Rodwell (Camborne), 10s.; M. S. Enfield), 1s. 6d.; Thomas Moran, 1s.; Anon., 3d.; A Worksop Widow, 6d.; Anon, 4½d.; Mrs. A. Moss, 10s.; W. A. Parkes, 2s.; Mr. Tucker (S. Tottenham), 2s. 6d.; F. J. O., 2s. 6d.; J. N. Stephen, 1s.; D. L. (Rotherham), 2s. 6d.; C. M. S., 1s.; "Grateful Heart," 2s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; E. Purkiss (Aintree), 1s.; Mrs. S. (Tun. Wells), 2s. 6d.; H. L. R (Cowes), 2s. 6d.; Baby Philip, 2s.; Anon., 1s.; Marion (Blackpool), 2s. 6d.; Jumping Jo-hns, 2s.; T. W. Roberts (Bootle), £1 1s.; W. Taylor (Devonport), 4½d.; "Senex," Westminster, 5s.; A Brother and Sister (Redhill), 13s. 6d.; Mrs. Mackay (Lawston), 2s.; A. P. S. (Clapton), 2s. 6d.; Selly, 5s.; Christianity, 2s. 6d.; (Rustington) 10s.; "Ninth," Richmond, 9s. 9½d.; T. L. Skinner, 4s.; Mrs. Duffin (Castleton), 10s.; Mr. Bird (Worcester), 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Gee-Gee (Southampton), 1s.; A Student's Ninth, 6d.; Mr. Stephen Murdock, 1s.; C. W. (Accrington), 10s.; E. M. Beckett (West Ham), 4s. 6d.; O. A. P., 5d.; W. R. Wells, 1s.; W. G. Stevenson, 2s. 6d.; W. Fenton (Kirriemuir), 2s. 1½d.; Jessie, "My Ninth for Luck," 2s. 3d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; A. Thom (Aberdeen), 2s.; From a Mother, 2s.; Mrs. H. J. (Midhurst), 1s.; Mary Thompson (Ripon), 5s.; 1st Donation (Birkenhead), 10s.; J. T. Currey, 10s.; E. Langston (India), 7s.; Geo. Worrall, £1; Mrs. K. Oxford, 2s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; A Welsh Well Wisher, 5s.; Mrs. Simmonds, 2s.; E. L. M. (Cambridge), 2s. 6d.; E. S. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; F. H. (St. Leonards), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Avonmouth), 6d.; John McCallum (Glasgow), 2s.; G. Lawson, 6d.; "Thankful," 2s.; A. R. Reader (Holme), 5s.; Anon. (Leicester), 1s.; M. K. (Montrose,) 2s.; L. T. Ed (and parcel of clothes), 1s. 6d.

In Memory (Glasgow), 5s.; A. R. H. E., £70; A. N. Other, 4s.; M. E. Hughes, 5s. 6d.; "Sunday Work" Ninth (Clatford), 5s. 7½d.; "Also Ran," 2s. 6d.; E. J. Bradbury, 5s.; C. R. (Norwich), 9d.; E. Wood, 1s.; T. S. White, 2s. 6d.; R. Cousens, 1s.; "Kia Ora," 5s. 6d.; L. T. Prosser, 2s. 6d.; H. C. Bater, 3s.; Mrs. M. Jones (Llangollen), 2s.; E. G., 5s.; A. Batley, 6d.; "John Bull" Collecting Box, 15s. 6d.; William Forat, 1s.; A McVarish, 1s.; A Cheerful Giver, 1s. 6d.; A Thank Offering, 5s.; Betty Lewis, 1s. 6d.; Puck, 2s.; Dandy, 5s.; G. Walton, 1s. 6d.; Shoe Artist, 1s.; Sydenham, 1s.; N. B. 2s. 6d.; Bannister, 3s.; Forest Slider (Epping), 3s. 6d.; Anon., £18; E. Purkiss, 1s.; M. A. Duxbury, 5s.; Florrie Stanner, 6d.; "Grateful Heart," 2s.; C. and L. A. (Norfolk), 5s.; Jessie—Ninth for Luck, 2s.; Christianity, 5s.; Mrs. E. Evans, 2s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; E. J. N. S. and J. N., Stephen, 2s.; S. (Tun Wells), 2s. 6d.; Chorley's Ninth, 3d.; J. A. G., 6d.; N. E. Perren, 2s. 6d.; J. H. Jones, 5s.; R. W. (Devon), 2s. 6d.; A. M. of G. G., for "A Friend Who Needs It," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 10s.; W. W. Leith, 5s.; Mrs. Collins, 1s.; Anon., 1s.; "Clem" (Liverpool), 6d.; "Darky," 2s.; Anon., 2s.; Auntie's 9th, 1s. 11d.; Mrs. E. A. Dowd, 6d.; B. W. F. (Edinburgh), 15s.; Elina Williams, 2s. 6d.; J. Ambler (Norbury), 5s.; Olive M., £5 10s.; Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bowyer, 10s.; W. H. S. (Southport), 5s.; G. W. Levick, 4s.; Bess (Aberdeen), £1; Joseph Almond, 2s. 6d.; S. Brown, 7s. 6d.; H. A., 5s.; Mrs. E. McAlpine, £1; "Crystal" (Dundee), 2s. 6d.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; Mr. H. Watson, 2s. 6d.; J. W. Pragnell (Southsea), 4s.; Two Workers, 4s.; W. Fox, 1s.; E. Perry, 3d.; A. B., 6d.; Mrs. Kilpatrick, 6d.; K. M. Bennett, 1s. 1d.; T. A. Bramwell (Handsworth), 6d.; M. B. (Bishop Auckland), 6d.; J. D., 6d.; F. B. L., 6d.; Mrs. G. K. Robinson, 6d.; A. Bee Rotherham, 1s.; Mrs. G. A. Herron, 6d.; C. F. R., 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; K. G. (S W.1), 1s. 6d.; G. C. M. (Norfolk), 1s.; Ex-R.E., 2s. 6d.; *John Bull* Reader and Competitor, 9d.; Mr. A. G. Stainer, 1s.; "One Ninth," M. C., 4s. 6d.; Anon., 10s.; J. Milton, 5s.

"A Kentish Girl," 5s.; Target, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. A. E. Reader, 2s. 6d.; E. and J. N. S., 1s.; Widow's Mite, 6d.; E. Milleson, 4s. 6d.; Nan, 2s.; St. Albans, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. G. W. R., "In Loving Memory of Harry," 10s.; Miner's Mite, 6d.; Anon., £1; C. C., £1 1s.; Co. Dublin, 5s.; Sincere Sympathiser, 10s.; F. T. Blake, 2s. 6d.; L. M. Crutchley 1s.; A Regular Reader, 1s.; Mrs. M. K. Cook, 2s.; Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Chingford), 2s. 2½d.; Two 8-5 am, 2s 6d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Ninth for Luck, 2s.; E. B. (Walthamstow), 1s. 6d.; "Also Ran," 2s. 6d.; G. Owen (Crow), 5s.; B. (Dublin), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; William Jackson, 6d.; Anon., 2s.; W. H. Wynne, £2; Tin Hat, 4s.; Anon., 1s.; G. A. Prince, 1s. 6d.; H. Parker, 2s. 6d.; Reekie, 1s.; Mr. A. James, 2s.; M. C., 5s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; A. Thom (Aberdeen), 2s.; E. N. C., 4s.; R. J. T. (Southsea), 1s. 6d.; J.H.44, 1s.; From a Friend, £2; E. S., 2s. 6d.; Edinburgh, 2s. 6d.; C. Baker (West Gorton), 2s.; F. Chapman, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; To some Friend from a Friend, 10s.; Mrs. R. Wotton, 5s.; Mr. B. P. Morris, 1s.; Mrs. K. M. Whisken, 6d.; W. C. Warrington, 1s. 6d.; Binny, 3s. 6d.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; Bill and Sett, 1s.; M. Y., 2s. 6d.; A. R (Barrhed), 1s.; A Friend (Ealing), 4s.; Finchley Nurse, 2s. 6d.; S. F. Duke, 2s 6d.; E. Atkinson (Hull), 1s.; "M. F. V.," 10s.; Mrs. C. Maund, 2s.; Mrs. L. Follett, 1s.; M. Newton, 1s.; H. W. Hill, 1s.; Anon., 6s.; Anon., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Cis and Anon., 6d.; May V.-IX., In Memory of Arthur, 1s.; W. F. Froud (Maidstone), 2s. 6d.; "Perseverc" (Leith), 2s. 6d.; A. A. Edwards, 5s.; S. Cook, 6d.; Maud (Liphook), 2s. 6d.; From 3 Little Babies at Walthamstow, 2s.; A Mackinnon, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. G. Altass, 6d.; E. Perry, 3d.; M. F., 2s.; K. P. (Halcaswen), 1s.; Mr. J. Wood (Aberdeen), 1s. 6d.; Ninth of Bonus, 1s.

F. M. Berry, 2s.; Lay-Reader, 10s.; Anon., 1s.; F.C.A.S., £1; Jumping Joshua, 2s.; R.Y.G., 2s.; Out of Work, 2s. 6d.; H. S. W., £1 10s.; Belt-ringer, 3s.; Sailor, 2s.; Cross-Bow (Harlesden), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Gough, 1s.; J. N. S., M.-E., 1s. 6d.; E. S. B. B., 2s.; L. E. E. C., 2s.; Mrs. C. Salter, 2s. 6d.; Admirer of Phillip Inman, 6d.; F. Ford, 10s.; FIIS (Torquay), 10s.; E. B. (Bolton), 6d.; T. Simmonds, 2s.; F. H. Wells, 2s. 6d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; E. R. Jones, 1s.; Mrs. G. Copes, 1s 6d.; O. H. B., 5s.; "Age 15," 2s.; F. E. G., 1s.; J. Kay, 2s. 6d.; C. T. Pace, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Anon., 2s.; A. C., 2s. 6d.; Bon-Voyage, 2s.; C. H. Martin, 6d.; L. Casterton, 6d.; J. Stanley, 2s.; Mrs. J. Beeton (and parcel), 2s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Jenie, 1s.; Kia-Ora, 10s.; A. Cox (Southampton), 2s. 6d.; An Old Bullet Shooter, 1s.; W. W., 5s.; Liverpool Reader, 2s. 6d.; J.H.44, 1s.; Mrs. F. Bell, 1s.; Mr. T. Norris, 3s.; Anon., 2s.; W. M. W., 2s.; "M," 1s. 1d.; "One Good Turn, etc.," 2s.; J. Leech, 5s.; F. Y., E. Cheadle, 3s.; D. Thain, 2s. 6d.; "Commission" 9th, 1s. 4d.; W. Fox, 6d.; "Also Ran," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Chambers, 1s.; Miss C. Thackell, 1s. 6d.; M. P. Hayling, 6d.; J. P. H., 6d.; Wm. Shewring, 6d.; A. Marsden, 5s.; W. C., 6d.; E. Perry, 3d.; M. Corfield, 6d.; W. J. Hall, 10s.; Anon., 2s.; A. J. Barnard, 1s.; Cross Bow, 2s. 6d.; Lilmoor (Plymouth), 2s. 6d.; J. and G. W., 6s.; T. T. Charlton (Sutton-in-Ashfield), 1s.; Mrs. L. Needham, 1s.; Anon., 3d.; One of 'em, 6d.; H. D. (W.2), 1s.; Mr. J. Walker (Johannesburg), 2s.; Mrs. F. Tutt, 2s.; Mr. J. B. Vaughan, 10s.; Mr. Hollis, 5s.; "Cymro," 2s. 6d.; "Dawnhearted Cambrian," 1s.; Mrs. Crompton, 2s. 6d.; Knight, W. (W.C.2), 1s.; Clapton, E.5, 2s.; "Critic" (Leicester), 5s.; F. Jacobs, 2s.; Mrs. K. (Oxford), 3s.; J. H. P. (Devonhill-on-Sea), 2s. 6d.; W., 1s.; M. E. James (Chesham) 6d.; Small Tradesman's Daughter, 1s.; M. H. (Chelmsford), 6d.; Blackburn (Mill Hill), 2s.; Mrs. C. (Leicester), 2s.; Mr. W. Matthews (Rawbridgeworth), 5s.; "Hopeful," 1s.; H. W. Troup, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Rachel Bushnell (Bristol), 3s.; T. F. C. Griffith, 5s.; W. Humberstone, 1s.; Mrs Rosendanne, 1s.; "An Interested Reader of "John Bull," 2s.; M. E. Brown (Rugby), 1s.; John Masters, 9d.; "Printed," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. Boeling, Sherborne, 1s.; H. Wood, £4; R. S. H. (Southfields), £1; R. Roberts, 10s.; Mrs. M. Burton, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Jeannie Westcott, 2s. 6d.; Mr. P. J. Cudmore, 5s.; L. Y. Sharp, 5s.

Parcels of clothing have been received from: E. H., Romford; Mrs. Salter, Hammersmith; H. G., S.W.1; Mrs. J. Beeton, of Finedon, nr. Wellingborough; Weybridge, Surrey; Mrs. Powell, Paignton; The Mother of a Family, Swindon; A. Hancock, Mortlake; Mrs. N. Pendreigh; E. B.; "Terrence"; Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, of Reading; "A Reader" (Morecambe); Mrs. E. A. Taylor and Mrs. E. Blackmore.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

AN EASY WAY TO PUT ON FLESH.

Get Strong, Healthy and Vigorous at the same time.

If you want to put on weight and be strong, healthy, and vigorous, you must have strong nerves and plenty of rich, red blood. The quickest, surest, and easiest way to strengthen your nerves and fill your arteries with really rich blood is to regularly take a 5-grain tablet of Blood-Iron Phosphate with each meal. Thousands who have tried it say what a really fine thing Blood-Iron Phosphate is, and how it helped them when all else failed. If you want to look better and to be full of your old-time vim, energy and endurance, just go to your chemist and get a 3s. package of Blood-Iron Phosphate. Enclosed in the package you will find a binding guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money back, so that you risk nothing by giving this unique preparation a trial; on the contrary, the chances are about 100 to 1 that your friends will soon be telling you how much better you look.

DRY RASH BROKE OUT ON BODY

Terrible Itching and Burning. Cuticura Heals.

"A dry rash broke out on my body and then scaled over. It spread rapidly to my arms and limbs, and the itching, burning, smarting sensation was so terrible that I was unable to get a night's sleep.

"I tried several so-called remedies but found no relief. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using it I got relief so purchased more and within a week the itching had gone, and in about a month I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. J. Brigden, 3, Bottoms Fold, Micklehurst, Nr. Manchester, Eng.

Rely on Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum to keep your skin clear.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

Buy to-day a 9d. Bottle of MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

and make prime non-intoxicating beer at home, which costs less than **6d. per gallon**

Newball & Mason Ltd Nottingham.

FREE. ZOX is the proved remedy for Neuralgia and Headache. TWO ZOX POWDERS FREE to test it. Mention this Journal and enclose 1½d. stamped addressed envelope. Sold by Chemists and Stores in 1/6 and 3/- boxes, or post free at these prices from THE ZOX CO. Try also ZOX BALM—simply wonderful for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, NEURITIS, etc. 1/8 and 2/6 tubes. Write for Pamphlet.—THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

WITH ZOX

A "Bullets" Chat

The Old Competitor and the New

"I SEE you're interested in *Bullets*," said the elderly man in the corner seat of the carriage. "So am I—we need no further introduction."

The young man opposite who was poring over the *Bullets* page looked up with a smile.

"I've only just discovered them," he admitted. "A fellow I know up at the works won a £50 prize a few weeks ago. And if I can't make up as good a *Bullet* as he can——"

"That's the right spirit," the other put in. "But you'll need right methods as well if you're going to get there in *Bullets*."

"Well, I've won a 'Target' already," the younger man pointed out. "With my first attempt, too."

"That's certainly encouraging," was the reply. "It was a month before I got a prize at all."

Some Wise Advice

"Have you won many *Bullets* prizes?"

"Oh—plenty of small ones," the old competitor said, "and last year I pulled off a cheque for £100."

The young man whistled. "Perhaps you're one of the lucky ones," he said.

"Now that's the way to make me angry," protested his companion. "Suppose you work away steadily at *Bullets* for twelve months or so, winning occasional small prizes, learning from your failures, determined to improve on your successes. Then along comes that big cheque at which you've been aiming—is that luck?"

"By jove, it isn't!" the young competitor agreed. "It's a prize you've jolly well earned."

"Exactly," said the older man. "*Bullets* isn't a lucky dip. Believe me you've got to 'jolly well earn' every *Bullets* prize you get."

The £ s. d. of "Bullets"

"But the £50 winner I know hadn't competed for more than a few weeks."

"No—but he 'jolly well earned' his money with a rattling good *Bullet*. Now you've only just started competing, yet one clever *Bullet* may make you a First Prize-winner next week. Or I may do the trick myself—who knows?"

"Has it paid you to enter *Bullets*?" the young man asked.

"I happen to be a good many pounds in pocket over my choice of a hobby," was the answer. "But even if I were not, I should still say that *Bullets* had paid me. The fun of competing, the thrill of seeing one's name in print even for a £1 prize and the knowledge that a £250 or an even bigger cheque may drop from the skies one day will keep me entering *Bullets* as long as I can fill up a coupon."

"Bullets" Holidays

"I've had two holidays already on *Bullets* prizes," the old competitor went on, "and if I don't get one of those tenners they're offering this week—well, I may get the £1,000 instead! There's always something to look forward to in *Bullets*, you see."

The train stopped and the young man paused as he opened the carriage door. "I shall look forward to another chat with you," he said, "when you come back from your *Bullets* holiday! That is, if I don't get that £1,000 and travel by motor-car!"

☞ Result of "Bullets" Competition No. 604 (2,000 Guineas Offer) will appear in next week's issue.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 606 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Big Holiday Offer!

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £1,000

2nd. Prize £250 | 4th Prize £50 | 100 PRIZES OF £1 | 5th Prize £25 | 3rd. Prize £100

200 Prizes of 5/- 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES 1,000 Prizes of 2/6

and 20 Holiday Prizes of £10

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 606.

WORLD WE WANT
THE TEST
WHAT BRITAIN SAYS
WITH A PUNCH
NEXT STRIKE
WHAT MATTERS MOST
IN 1950
MR. COOK
KEEPS ME AWAKE
GUARDIAN ANGEL
BOSS I'D LIKE
WHAT THE BOARDER SAID
HUNGRY
COMES UP SMILING
A DUCK
CLIMBING THE LADDER
FINE DAY
IF SHE'S LUCKY
BIT OF HEAVEN
POOR CHAP
WHEN AUNTIE BATHES
GREY HAIR
SEEN BY THE SEA
A HEROINE
HIS LAST WORD
NEVER
HAPPY HOME
TOGETHER
HEARD AT THE OFFICE
TO HER
WATER
FILTHY LUCRE
THE BAR
LADY DRIVER
OWING
SAID TO THE TAXPAYER
HOT AIR
WHAT SHE WROTE
SWEETLY
WHAT IS TRADE?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and orginality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the Examples printed; then give any **Two, Three** or **Four Words**, having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:

Example:—SLUM LANDLORD Bullet:—PUBLIC'S ENEMY—PUBLICAN'S FRIEND.

Example:—HOW TO GET ON Bullet:—*Please* AS YOU *Go*.

Example:—A PRETTY PENNY Bullet:—LOST—LET'S "GET BACK."

ENTRY FEE:—Send postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

Address Coupons to—"Bullets" No. 606, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN.

You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 22.**

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(606) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 22.**

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(606) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____

Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three, or Four Words.

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 22.**

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(606) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 22.**

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(606) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

More Holiday Prizes Next Week!

Yeast is life!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets.

A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve

Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.

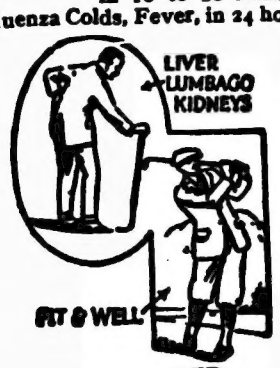
Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes,

Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.

Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes

Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.



OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received nearly 30,000 letters from satisfied users, in less than two years which are open to inspection.

24410—I do not hesitate to recommend them to my patients and the results are quite wonderful. I am taking them myself and feel years younger than I did a week ago!

24118—Dr. T. V. N.: I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration when I tell you that the results from Yeast-Vite were simply astonishing. Severe cases of Asthenia (general weakness). Kindly send supplies to the four hospitals mentioned herewith.

24111—Mr. B., S.R.N., C.S., M.M.G.: "Up to the present Yeast-Vite tablets have never failed. I have given them in cases where all other remedies failed. Many of my patients would not be without them."

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

18224—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

25332—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

21084—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.

25334—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

25333—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work, and never felt better.

22741—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21067—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions, I tried lots of medicines without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better.

21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

21234—I was miserable, irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this, and let the public know how much good they have done me.

22373—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful! I recommend them to everybody!

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For INDIGESTION I took CICFA

(which supplies Stomach and Bowel DIGESTIVE FERMENTS)

"Now I eat whatever I desire."

"I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

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THE EXPLANATION

If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which relieves others may not suit **your** case, because **you think yours is different**—and your symptoms may be different—but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same—that is, there is a shortage of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach, and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments one person suffers with Acidity, Heartburn, Wind-rising, that Feeling of Fullness, White-Coated Tongue, Headache, Bad Complexion, Flushed Face, etc.; while another suffers from Flatulence, Bilious Symptoms caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, and Constipation, with all the misery which it causes; but whether you have some or all of these symptoms, they can be removed ONLY by a remedy which supplies NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.

In CICFA you have such a remedy; one in which those Ferments are active, so that digestion is restored in both Stomach and Bowel.

Mr. David realises these facts, and having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa relieved him, and that his words are true.

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Yours truly,
F. L. DAVID."

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"John Bull," 17/7/26.

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